

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 537, Vol. 21.

February 10, 1866.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE unusually voluminous Speech from the Throne fortunately includes, as usual, many commonplaces, but it also furnishes several topics of debate. Princess HELENA's marriage, King LEOPOLD's death, the meeting during last summer of the French and English fleets, and the renewal of diplomatic relations with Brazil suggested to all well-regulated minds, in or out of Parliament, the proper emotions of joy and sorrow. Even the restoration of peace in the United States is contemplated, after an interval of several months, with a calm, though sincere satisfaction. Opposite feelings are recalled by the prospect of reading again, in an official form, the *Alabama* letters which have been long since published in the newspapers. The treaties of commerce which are to open the restrictive barriers of Austria and Japan will certainly not be opposed, although economists reserve their right of objection to modifications of the tariff in pursuance of a bargain with foreign countries. The return of a part of the regular army from New Zealand will be not unwelcome, and if the North American provinces should at any future time agree on the project of a Confederacy, Parliament will concur with the Crown in its approval of the measure. The approaching abolition of the slave trade affords a double cause of congratulation, as the navy will be relieved from the pestilential blockade of the African coasts at the same time that the negroes will cease to form an article of export. There will probably hereafter be animated discussions on Jamaica; and the cattle plague has already occupied the attention of both Houses. The apologists of the Fenian conspirators find no favourable hearing, although the new Parliament will be anxious to redress Irish grievances as far as possible. With one exception, the proposed measures of domestic legislation are not likely to produce great excitement. The Bill which is to be founded on the Report of the Capital Punishment Commission will probably not be adopted if it includes a new and unfamiliar definition of murder, but the preponderance of opinion is in favour of the abolition of public executions. The extension of a system of audit to accounts such as those which were lately manipulated by Mr. EDMUNDS is an obviously necessary correction of an oversight which perhaps disturbs the conscience of Mr. GLADSTONE. If a good bankruptcy code is at last devised, the trading classes will be agreeably surprised; and there is room for the other improvements in the law which are vaguely promised. The House of Commons will not fail to pass the Catholic Oaths Bill by an increased majority; and although the House of Lords may not be equally conformable, Lord DERBY will say nothing about muzzling.

The postscript or concluding paragraph of the Speech introduces, with unexpected modesty, the official project of Reform. It appears that HER MAJESTY has caused information to be collected as to the right of voting in counties and boroughs; and when the inquiry is complete, she proposes to call the attention of Parliament to the result, with a view to some possible improvement in the law. Lord RUSSELL has effectually guarded himself against the risk of a political anti-climax. Since the art of criticism was first invented, there has been no sounder canon of taste than the rule that the promise of an exordium should be eclipsed by the subsequent performance. Some Ministers would have introduced a Reform Bill with a rhetorical flourish at the beginning of the Royal Speech or of the programme of domestic legislation. Capital punishment and bankruptcy would scarcely have attracted the attention of Parliament if they had followed the announcement of a great constitutional change. Lord RUSSELL knows better.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur in epte,
Dic mihi, Musa, virum.

"Tell me, town clerk, or clerk of the peace, how many house-holders would acquire votes by the adoption of a 10s. franchise in counties, or of a 6s. rating or rental in

"boroughs?" When the municipal or parochial Muse has answered to the call, genius and statesmanship will be at liberty to transcend popular expectation—

Speciosa dehinc miracula promet;

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdis.

Lord GREY, who alone in either House discussed the principal measure of the Session, is, like many of his countrymen, not in a hurry for the Bill. He thinks that a crude and undigested proposal would do more harm than good, and he warns the Government that the most hasty often proves the worst speed. If anything was to be gained by waiting and reflecting, there would certainly be no reason for hurry; but if the representative system is to be altered, the change may more conveniently be made at once. Lord GREY himself says that no Government can flourish or succeed unless it applies itself with vigour and earnestness to the solution of the problem of Reform. It at least appears that nothing can flourish, and that no public business can get itself transacted, until the question is disposed of. Lord GREY is still more certainly justified in reminding the Government that a new Administration and a new Parliament would have done well not to commit themselves rashly to any definite course of action. Unluckily, Lord RUSSELL and his colleagues adopted an opposite course before they had been six weeks in office. Their intention of proposing a Bill was openly avowed even before Mr. BRIGHT officially announced its substance in his speech at Rochdale. There is now nothing to be thought or said which is not perfectly familiar to every politician in the kingdom. Lord RUSSELL has been meditating the subject all his life, with the natural result of retaining, down to the

smallest detail, the precise opinions with which he started. In the meantime, a new generation of reasoners has originated many doubts as to the expediency of government by a majority, and the simple analogies which satisfy a veteran understanding seem liable to fail under altered conditions. Mr. HUME died before the fulfilment of his prophecy that the Reform Bill would be a stepping-stone, and yet Mr. BRIGHT may live to see a similar anticipation gratified. The great measure of 1832 has been found for four-and-thirty years compatible with the aristocratic supremacy of the Whigs, but Lord RUSSELL is sanguine in anticipating for his party another generation of undisputed power. On the main issue he has the advantage over contrivers of fancy franchises and advocates of the rights of minorities. Philosophical Reformers may argue more plausibly, but Lord RUSSELL has the party of innovation on his side. His arguments will be intelligible, while his opponents or unwilling supporters will content themselves with being merely intellectual. If any provision of his Bill is shown to be dangerous or mischievous, he will reply that it is strictly constitutional. There is no doubt that originality is seldom a merit in legislation.

Both Houses have shown sound judgment in terminating for the present a miscellaneous debate. A confused discussion on the various subjects which are necessarily included in a Royal Speech could produce no useful result. The anxiety caused by the cattle plague was too serious for postponement, and the Irish members naturally wished to express their discontent with things in general, as well as their disapproval of the Fenian conspiracy; but it would have been a mere waste of time to engage in disputes in domestic and foreign politics. Old members are generally unwilling to give premature pledges, and novices have perhaps been restrained for the present by becoming diffidence. As far as a judgment can be formed at the beginning of the Session, there will be little opening for party contests until the Reform Bill is introduced. The cattle plague scarcely admits of factious treatment, as there can be few members who prefer the interests of any political party to the material welfare of the community. As the Budget will not be brought forward before Easter, the Malt-tax agitation must necessarily be suspended, and there is no other suffering interest which calls for immediate relief. If Lord RUSSELL keeps his promise, a delay of three weeks will not be regarded as excessive. In the meantime, there will be no difficulty in ascertaining whether a Liberal secession can be organized with sufficient force to enable the dissentients to hold the balance of parties. The small boroughs are scarcely in a condition to unite for their defence against future extinction. Some of their representatives already belong to the Opposition, and others are pledged by office or by party connection to support the Government. It is remarkable that the first threat of independent resistance to the Ministerial project has proceeded from the member for a not inconsiderable borough.

THE CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

EVERY one was ready to agree that the retirement of Sir CHARLES WOOD was a great loss to the Ministry, but no one had a notion how great the loss was until it was announced that Lord DE GREY was to be his successor. By the side of Lord DE GREY, Sir CHARLES WOOD towers into the eminence of a statesman. What defects he had as Indian Minister were very obvious and by no means inconsiderable. Indian subjects are necessarily dull, except in the hands of a first-rate rhetorician; and even Lord MACAULAY had, as it were, to galvanize Indian history before he could make it seem to be alive. The questions that ordinarily arise in the conduct of our Indian policy are little suited for the discussion of a popular assembly. Englishmen are baffled by the strangeness of Asiatic names, Asiatic geography, and Asiatic manners; and it is only when an Indian question is also a European one that Englishmen either wish or feel able to discuss it. No one, therefore, expects that the Minister for India shall be able to fix the attention and command the sympathies of the House of Commons when he explains the Indian Budget or resists a motion on Indian grievances. But Sir CHARLES WOOD cast a dreariness, a kind of extremity of desolation, over Indian subjects that made them ten times as repulsive as they need have been. He was also very cold, hard, and personally disagreeable; and those who judged only by his appearance in Parliament were inclined to wonder why one of the faintest and feeblest speakers there, with a chilling and

harsh manner, should be Minister for India. But weak in Parliament, Sir CHARLES WOOD was strong in his office. During his tenure of power, which has now been of some length, he has not made any conspicuous mistake. On many occasions he has proved himself wiser than the local authorities, and if it may be thought no great praise to say that he was wiser than Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, yet he showed both sense and firmness when, on one or two marked occasions, he confronted the adverse authority of those who were supposed to sum up the experience of Indian civilians. Although the mode in which he treated the officers of the Indian army was unnecessarily arrogant and harsh, it would probably be found that he was technically justified by official rules in much of what he did to offend them. In the dispensation of patronage he showed himself sincerely desirous of promoting interests exclusively public, and, with few exceptions, his appointments have been justified by their success. He was also an admirable man of business, and few Ministers have ever understood better how to deal with the representatives of commercial and industrial interests. The great City people who had occasion to visit the India Office and discuss with its chief the intricate questions to which Indian currency, Indian railways, Indian securities, and Indian undertakings of all kinds gave rise, found in Sir CHARLES WOOD an official after their own heart, rapid, shrewd, decisive, and perfectly fair. And now Lord DE GREY is to replace him. Lord DE GREY's enemies say of him that he is afraid of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE; and Lord DE GREY's friends say of him that he is amiable and hard-working. There is not one qualification for his office which Lord DE GREY possesses except that he is a Whig nobleman—that his antecedents encourage an expectation that he will come down regularly to his office, and that when he gets there he will be pleasant to his subordinates. We can quite understand that they are to be congratulated, and that after their long acquaintance with Sir CHARLES WOOD they may find a little civility very acceptable. But England and India are not equally fortunate. In one respect, however, Lord DE GREY may really prove useful. There is an opening for a man of his stamp to discharge a function of the Indian Minister that has hitherto been neglected. There has hitherto been no social head of Indian society in England. A distinguished colonist, if he comes to England, is welcomed at the Colonial Office and by the Colonial Minister. But Sir CHARLES WOOD never had any civilities to offer to Indians, however distinguished. This is not as it should be. The chiefs of the Foreign Office, of the army and the navy, all consider it part of their duties to know something of those who are most promising in their respective departments; and this recognition would be both welcome and useful to Indians. In this direction a field is open to Lord DE GREY, who is hospitable, sociable, and pleasant, which seems closed to him in other directions.

That Lord DUFFERIN should be content to move from the India Office to the War Office must be satisfactory to those who have to devise and carry out Ministerial changes, but makes no difference to any one else. He is more than competent to discharge the duties of either office, and very few persons, except those in the office itself, would know whether he was discharging them or not. But the appointment of Lord HARTINGTON to the post vacated by Lord DE GREY, and the appointment of Mr. STANSFIELD to the India Office, are events of considerable importance. In a Liberal Ministry the great Whig families claim a certain number of seats, and to one of those seats Lord HARTINGTON has pretensions that cannot be denied. No Duke has exerted himself to serve the Ministry in the elections with more success and even brilliancy than the Duke of DEVONSHIRE; and even Lord HARTINGTON himself has shown an aptitude for imbibing and retailing official information that, on this head, leaves little to be desired. The English people would not like a Government composed only of Commoners; and if they want a little decoration stuck here and there over the Ministerial fabric, the Marquis of HARTINGTON adds something of this ornamental character. It is a pity, perhaps, that where the pressure of tradition and royalty is so strong as it is in the management of the army, Parliament should not have a representative at the War Office whose character, experience, and ability would compel respect. It is a pleasure, therefore, to turn from the ornamental to the useful, and to speak of the appointment of Mr. STANSFIELD. This is the only gain which the Ministry has got by the new changes. Mr. STANSFIELD is more than an able official. He brings to the discharge of public duties strong clear views, and an admirable power of grasping the essential point among a multitude of details. He has now a post of considerable importance, and one where he will be able to

weak in his office, of some in many minorities, as wiser and firmest up the which necessarily he was he did showed usively he been understood and occasion in intrinsically, gave his own self now enemies ; and le and office Whig station when we can all that may India Lord ening of the he has d. A ed as t Sit lians, The y, all those and ians. hos in

show his powers. For, with his chief in the Lords, and with Lord DE GREY as his chief, he will represent India to a very large extent in Parliament; and although India seldom attracts much popular attention, still it undoubtedly gives a man weight that he should take the lead in the management of Indian affairs. Hereafter, too, the position now offered to him will mark out Mr. STANSFIELD for the Cabinet; and there is no reason, if he shows himself competent, why he should not make India a field belonging to himself in Ministerial arrangements. There was something very ungenerous in the way in which the Tories drove him from office; and as rumour says that he has hitherto been excluded from the list of Lord RUSSELL's appointments owing to Lord CLARENDON's views of what the Emperor of the FRENCH would like or dislike, it is a gratification to find that office is again open to a very able public servant, whether the EMPEROR approves of it or not.

It is to be observed that all the members of the House of Commons who, without the advantages of Whig connection, have lately been offered office belong to that section which has strong and decided opinions. Mr. FORSTER is the best representative of the wish of the great Northern towns for a considerable change in the Constitution. Mr. STANSFIELD has avowed, courageously and openly, that MAZZINI is among his most honoured friends. Mr. GOSCHEN has made himself conspicuous by his uncompromising attack on the Irish Church, and on the exclusive control of the English Church over the Universities. They have all, again, in common the gift of putting extreme opinions in a pleasant way. When Mr. BRIGHT expresses his views, he does so in the most aggravating manner possible, and raises up a thousand enemies for the mere pleasure of showing that he is not afraid of them. But Mr. FORSTER offends no one, and yet he, like Mr. BRIGHT, announces that he considers any Reform Bill he is likely to get as a mere instalment of what is to come. Mr. GOSCHEN has not quarrelled with good Churchmen, although he has cut at the root of the institutions on which they have satisfied themselves that the safety of the Church depends. Mr. STANSFIELD may live or have lived with Italian Republicans, but no one can say that he is rampacious, demonstrative, violent, or likely to carry a dagger in his pocket. These are the men who are coming on now, and they are men of a new type, very different both from the ordinary Whig official, and from the unattached Liberals who seek a reputation by being as dangerous to the Ministry as to its opponents. The old style of Whig official of the better sort seems to be dying out. The Whigs try young men who are supposed to be the genuine article, but somehow the young men come to nothing. The Marquis of HARTINGTON just comes within the limits of possible promotion; but there is scarcely any one else of his class who gets even as far as that. And it is very possible that, in course of time, official ability which rests its claims on debating power and aptitude for business may be found to range itself more naturally on the side of the Tories than on that of the Liberals. For as most educated men, and almost all influential journals, talk and think in the usual Liberal way, a man to stand out of the mass, to have an individual and personal position, and to win a right to appear in the front of a Liberal Ministry, must have opinions more advanced, decisive, and striking than those of what may be termed the ordinary educated Liberal. On the other hand, the Tories, whose business it is to show that they are fit to take office in those intervals of political quietude when the nation does not want any new views, and who require nothing more from the bulk of their leaders than that they shall be plausible in their defence of what exists, are interested in giving as much prominence as possible to the possessors of such good official qualities, for example, as distinguished Sir CHARLES Wood. Men are so accustomed to argue, from the incompetency of the minor members of Lord DERBY's Ministries, to the general incompetence of Tories, that they are apt to forget that official skill is the very thing that has more than once carried Tories into power, and is peculiarly akin to the general nature of their mental habits.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

MR. CASSIUS CLAY was one of the most prominent of the numerous American politicians who sought popularity by insulting England, before the *Alabama* was heard of. When he was on his way to St. Petersburg, as representative of his Government, he showed his good taste by making a speech in Paris in which he expressed a wish that France might conquer England. In his despatches to Mr. SEWARD he

indulged in irrelevant invectives against the object of his hatred which would have insured the dismissal of a diplomatic agent by any other Government. As far as an empty, noisy, and essentially unwise person can be a patriot, Mr. CLAY is probably attached to the supposed interests of his country; and in the sinecure office of Minister to a Court which has few important transactions with the United States, he does less harm than if he were making speeches at home about his abhorrence of a friendly Power. Demonstrative affection to Continental monarchies is one of the many American methods of expressing dislike to England. Since the Polish correspondence of 1863, the Russians have not been unwilling to humour and to echo abuse of a Government which attempted an abortive interference in favour of justice and humanity. Mr. CLAY once complimented the Emperor ALEXANDER on his familiarity with a language which he called "American;" and when anything is to be got by the adoption of an unfamiliar dialect, Russian manufacturers may be excused for talking American politics and economy. A year ago, a Russian squadron was sent to the American coast, in pursuance of a plan which had been adopted some time before, when there seemed to be a probability of a disagreement with England. The officers and crews would, under any circumstances, have been received with the hospitality in which citizens of the United States are seldom deficient; but the ostentatious display of enthusiasm was intended less to compliment Russia than to imply a common enmity to the friend of Poland and to the supposed friend of the South. The people of Russia, however, were naturally pleased with the compliment, and the traders of Moscow have seized an opportunity to return the civility, and at the same time to vindicate a policy which is dearer to them than any American alliance. There is, perhaps, something absurd in an international friendship founded on reciprocal commercial exclusion. The Russian and American tariffs, as far as they affect the trade between the countries, can only tend to impede it. The selfishness of one country, as of one person in a community, necessarily clashes with the selfishness of another; but, as the trade between Russia and the United States is at present unimportant, two exclusive systems, although they are mutually antagonistic, have the merit of keeping one another in countenance.

Protectionists, at Moscow as at New York, waste their arguments when they defend their preference of national interests to any claim which can be advanced by foreigners. It is not for the sake of Manchester or Birmingham that Illinois or Tamboff ought to prefer cheap and good commodities to inferior native produce. A Mr. GORBOFF boasted that Russia had lately "negatived the absurd demand of our German neighbours, who wanted us to reduce our tariff for the benefit of their own manufactures. Such an egotistic attack on the benefits of our industry the Americans have never made." The motives of the German manufacturers were so far egotistical that they attended to their own business; but it may be presumed that they founded their proposal on the obvious interest of the Russian consumer. If Massachusetts saw its way to an entrance into the Russian market, Mr. GORBOFF would not find it safe to rely on the freedom of American cotton-spinners from egotism. The benevolent spectator observes, not without pleasure, the adoption in Russia of all the familiar fallacies which have long adorned older forms of civilization. When the Muscovite talks traditional nonsense at public dinners, it is hard to believe that the proverbial Tartar lies immediately under his skin. Unless the reporters have improved the speeches, Russian statistics and arguments must be worthy of Ipswich or of Boston. Mr. TCHETVERIKOFF asserts that all the corn which is exported from Russia is sold below cost price, and he hints a suspicion that the farmers of the Western American States are engaged in equally unprofitable and benevolent operations. Mr. TCHIOFF thanks God that the doctrine of Protectionism, though it is regarded by Western Europe with pity and contempt, is ever gaining fresh proselytes in Russia and America. Those two great countries will consequently no longer be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the household of civilized nations. In other words, they are determined to disregard their own natural monopolies for the purpose of producing what they could buy more cheaply than they can make it. Larger generalizations transcending the domain of political economy furnish additional illustrations of Russian progress. Mr. GORBOFF extemporizes, with a boldness worthy of Mr. DISRAELI, the grand proposition that it is the love of the strong for the strong which binds Russia and America together. Imperial Powers have, in former times, often affected to surround themselves with dependent States; and when ALEXANDER and NAPOLEON

attempted at Tilsit to unite the strong with the strong, the alliance was not destined to longevity. America and Russia are friendly, not because they are strong, but because they have common rivals, while they can scarcely come in collision with one another. For the purposes, however, of a public dinner, one high-sounding generalization is as good as another.

As Mr. CASSIUS CLAY shares with some millions of his countrymen the faculty of fluent speech, it is not surprising that he should have out-talked even his eloquent entertainers. In a sympathetic assembly it was not necessary to remember that a disputant on the wrong side generally invalidates, in proportion to his volubility, the conclusion which he intends to support. Mr. CLAY requires protection against English fabrics because a pound of Louisiana cotton has to be conveyed to a seaport, to be shipped to England, to be sold, spun, woven, and reimported, that it may finally be sold in a completed form where the raw produce was grown, at a hundred times its cost. If, on the other hand, it had been spun and woven in the neighbourhood of the plantation, the accumulated profits of the merchant, the broker, and the shipowner would have been spared to the consumer. If even Mr. CLAY would devote to thinking a fraction of the time which he spends in talking, he would perceive that his example purports to prove, not only the inutility of an import duty, but the impossibility that it should be paid. If the English manufacturer can undersell the competitor on the spot, it is absurd to say that the American consumer would have saved ninety-nine-hundredths of his money by paying a larger, not a smaller, price to his own neighbour. "The same remarks," he adds, apparently in justification of the former English Corn-laws, "apply to a bushel of wheat. Under the rule of 'free-trade, the farmer, as well as the planter, uniformly sells 'cheap and buys dear.' That it should be equally the interest of all classes to be prohibited by law from acting as they would undoubtedly act in default of interference, would be a surprising doctrine if it had not been hacknied before it became obsolete. A previous speaker had inconsistently recommended that commerce between Russia and America should be encouraged as much as possible. On Mr. CLAY's principle, even the smallest amount of international trade is a pernicious anomaly.

The Emperor of the FRENCH lately commented on the partial similarity of two Constitutions in which the Executive power is uncontrolled by any sovereign Assembly. Mr. SEWARD, in the Mexican correspondence, declared that every American citizen would, a year ago, have relied on the sympathy of France, with a confidence to which no other foreign country had a claim. At Moscow it is natural that Russia should be preferred, and that the implacable enemies of the despotic monarchy of England should express courteous wishes for the perpetuity of the power of the CZAR. America and Russia are certainly like one another, especially in the extent of their respective dominions. "Both countries are regarded with envy and ill-will by Europe, though they have never thought of interfering with its politics, or conquering a slice of its territory, or indeed asking its assistance in any way." The popular belief that Russia conquered Poland, Finland, and Bessarabia is as fabulous as the kindred superstition that the United States annexed the Mexican province of Texas. The Emperor NICHOLAS would have been rather astonished than flattered by the assurance that he had never meddled with the politics of the Continent. The resemblance between the Russian Empire and the great Republic will be rendered still more striking if the eloquence of the Moscow dinner finds many native imitators. Europe has long regarded with a feeling of amusement, if not of envy or ill-will, the propensity of Americans to verbal rodomontade. Russia, on the other hand, has been repeatedly praised, by the great contemporary prophet of silence, as the noblest example of dumb, inarticulate, disciplined force. It seems that no frontier regulation will exclude the alien commodity of after-dinner rhetoric. Distant critics, while they comment on the flagrant sophisms of Protectionist manufacturers, must not be supposed to dispute the complacent statements of either Russian or American patriots. Both nations are already powerful, and both are capable of vast development. The prosperity which they find compatible with vicious commercial systems is, in truth, one of the most forcible illustrations of the advantages of unfettered trade. From the Baltic to the Euxine, and from the Vistula to the Pacific, as from the Eastern shore of the same ocean to the Atlantic, political unity prevents the vexatious establishment of frontier taxes. A restrictive tariff supplies motives for territorial conquest, which eliminates customs duties by a method that flatters national vanity. While the old colonial policy of England

was maintained, every war furnished opportunities of seizing sugar islands, which were consequently enabled to compete on equal terms with older plantations. If the United States could conquer the United Kingdom, even American Protectionists would demand the abolition of duties between the two countries. Universal empire would involve universal free trade; and yet the interest of the independent States which at present exist is precisely the same as if they were divided by no political barriers. If trade between Petersburg and Odessa is good, it is difficult to understand how trade with Liverpool should be mischievous. Louisiana is, according to Mr. CLAY's theory, tributary to New England, and Texas to Pennsylvania. Owners of great estates can afford much waste, but they are not made richer by bad management.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT would be useless and discourteous to inquire whether the thin attendance at the House of Lords is the cause or the consequence of the dulness of the debates. At the opening of every year the English Peerage has a gala day, and musters in force to listen to the thunder which Lord DERBY has been bottling through the vacation. But when the brief excitement is over, the Session relapses into repose. A brace or two of great divisions during the spring may be required for the dignity of the House, but the most intense party efforts seldom can succeed in banishing completely the air of laborious idleness that hangs over the affair. From time to time some youthful nobleman of genius, who has been snatched away by early fate to the upper floor, and whose ambition has survived his political extinction, attempts to break the spell. During the first session or two, after he has recovered from the shock of transplantation, he is lively enough. Political hopes and fears are indeed at an end, but he is resolved to take an interest in his fellow-countrymen to the last, and moves for papers on the subject of Southdown sheep, or the Indian ryots, or the education of Dissenters' children, or the latest improvements in the pattern of the treadmill, with an energy that is most cheering. But it soon wears off. It is difficult to feel a genuine pleasure in holding forth on the latest thing in treadmills, or the necessity of keeping convicts up to the improving task of walking up endless steps, in the presence of two or three elderly gentlemen who are courteously waiting till one is done, to go and dine. Debates of the sort have a way, at the end of a set oration, of terminating abruptly, which looks bare and naked in the *Times*' report next morning; and the orator, after one or two experiences, ceases to move for papers, and is content to leave mankind to get on as best they can with treadmills of an inferior quality. The ennui which Lord CHATHAM felt at being transferred to an august but lethargic audience has been experienced in turn by every statesman who, having made a reputation in the Lower House, is compelled to vegetate upon it in the Upper. After twelve months of his new career he submits to the genius of the place, and in his turn becomes, like his predecessors, inaudible in the gallery. Even PALINURUS may be seen on such occasions nodding at the helm. When such is the state of things, it is no wonder if writers of ability are heard predicting that the House of Lords is destined to perish, not from external revolution, but from internal decline. In these modern times no legislative assembly which is composed of a single class can have an easy part to play. When the Peers are inactive they are reproached with inactivity, but any busy interference on their part with the government of the country would be liable to be received with popular murmurs and agitation. Philosophers have discovered that their chief use is to impede the progress of changes until the nation has declared three or four times in succession that it has fully determined that changes shall be made, and a deliberative body may be excused for want of excitement about its mission when it is so constantly reminded that its great constitutional mission is to be a drag upon the coach. Yet it must be admitted that the conduct of the Lords goes far to encourage, if not perhaps to justify, the semi-contemptuous tone of the outside public. They do not take the trouble to make the most of their barren Sparta. The most venerable Areopagus would fall into neglect and disrepute if it did not set the world the decent example of thinking highly of its own political influence.

It has recently been urged, by a political essayist of ability, that the best remedy for a condition of things that is a blot upon the Constitution would be the abolition of proxies, and the creation of life peerages. It may be doubted whether any system

of life peerages would work harmoniously with the institution of an hereditary Upper House; nor is there any reason to believe that the posterity of a distinguished lawyer or statesman may not in time sustain their father's rank as well as the children of a successful general, or the distant descendants of some royal bastard. It is as undesirable that a seat in the House of Lords should become a sort of premature exile for illustrious politicians in the middle of their career—as is often the case in Continental Senates—as it is that it should be a mere appendage of vast and strictly entailed estates. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the abolition of the Peerage would detract from the political power of wealth and rank. Property and birth will continue for many years to exercise their usual influence in the councils of this nation, and the first result of the destruction of the Lords would be materially to increase the weight and number of those who represent the upper classes in the Commons. Experience has proved the utility of a plan which secures to high rank and opulence a share in the national legislation, and removes them from the immediate atmosphere of intrigue and of personal ambition. A Senate of life peers would be a more questionable expedient. There is no reason for entrusting even an English Executive with the power of nominating a second Chamber; and if peerages were granted as a reward of statesmanship, the Lower House would be thinned of its most useful members in order to colonize the Upper. The amount of value attaching to the House of Lords may be differently estimated, according to diversities of temper or good sense; but whatever virtue resides in the institution springs from its hereditary character. A change in the system of voting by proxy might be a more rational device. The custom of pairing has never been officially recognised in the House of Commons, though it is tacitly permitted and largely used; and at first sight it may seem as if it were only a proxy system under a less formal shape. But if ever political interest in the movements of the House of Commons sank to so low an ebb that the House was habitually deserted of two-thirds of its complement, pairing would become a national evil as well as a Parliamentary nuisance. As both pairing and proxies are admissible in the Lords, the question arises whether such facilities for absenteeism are wisely granted to a body which is, already inclined to abuse them. Nor is the privilege of vote by proxy a privilege that rests on any sound and intelligible principle. The Peers vote by proxy in virtue of customary license from the Crown, which dates back to an age when such licenses were, on the whole, beneficial to the realm. In modern years the proxies of the Peers cannot in theory be justified any more than proxies in the Commons; and fortune and law have preserved an antiquated privilege for the benefit of the one Assembly that is sufficiently tempted, without it, to watch political business from a too comfortable distance.

Noble absentees perhaps explain to their own consciences why they may be absentees without dereliction of duty, in an easy and a specious manner. The House of Lords, it is thought, has little to do, and the inference is that there is no advantage to be gained by being over-busy and over-fussy in the discharge of the duties of a sinecure. Before very long, unless matters alter, a seat in the Lords will probably be not much better than a sinecure. But this will be owing mainly to the inaction of the supine members. There are kinds of national business which the House of Lords might perform, and perform well. Since the days of the Reform Bill Englishmen have been relieved from the necessity of looking on it as a garrison that is resolved to defend abuses to the death; and when the Duke of WELLINGTON determined to lower his *fascæ* to the Commons, the last chance of a deadly conflict between the two branches of the Legislature died away. In his strictures on the English Constitution, Lord BROUHAM describes with comic gravity the fearful sea of doubt and responsibility that oppressed Lord GREY's mind and his own when the question seemed to be whether the Reform Bill should be dropped or eighty new Peers summarily added to the roll. Lord BROUHAM feels still the traces of the mental struggle, and he thinks—yes, he thinks—he would have chosen to give up the Bill. The imaginary battle with himself which Lord BROUHAM believes that he remembers is the creditable fruit of mature reflection; and it is pleasant to think that a third alternative was found, which saved the Lords from a deluge and Lord BROUHAM from distraction. While that or any other alternative remains, the resistance of a House of Lords will last just so long as its resistance is tolerated by the people and the advisers of the Crown. Public declaimers in their wilder moments still occasionally empty their vials at the mention of its name; some sort of effete historical jealousy is still supposed,

by a constitutional fiction, to exist between the two Houses; but if hereafter popular feeling is destined to clash with aristocratic instincts, it is not on the floor of the Lords that the battle will be fought. Mr. BRIGHT had more reason to be jealous of Lord PALMERSTON and his evening parties than of Lord DERBY and his proxies. For some purposes the Lords are better off than if they possessed a veto on English legislation to be exercised without reserve. As Mr. BAGEHOT justly points out, they are an independent body. They may be stubborn or misguided, but no one can accuse them of being bought and sold. A pardonable self-reliance teaches most modern aristocracies to consider that they are necessary to the welfare of society; but an English aristocracy, however desirous of retaining its authority and influence, is distinguished by a genuine desire to do good and to promote social happiness. When the generation which recollects the passing of the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation is gathered to its rest, the House of Lords will cease to excite suspicion, if it does not succeed in commanding deference. As an independent assembly, satisfied to devote itself to the criticism of public business, without seeking too carefully to force its criticisms on the nation, it would have it in its power to perform functions of general service and utility; and Mr. BAGEHOT sensibly points out that the initiative in public and private Bills might be more equally divided between the Upper and Lower House, with considerable saving of public time and trouble. But if the Lords do not care to hear each other talk, they cannot complain that the country cares so little to hear them. The House of Commons is often said to be the best club in England. The House of Lords is an after-dinner club where nobody thinks of going. This does not prevent it from being an agreeable club to belong to. The Frenchman in CHAMFORT's anecdote, whose wife was a charming talker, and who used to frequent her parties till he married her, was reproached by an old friend with his frequent absence from his own *salon*. He replied that it was a delightful thing to possess a place where one might go if one chose, but where in fact one never went. "C'est ce qui fait la fortune du Paradis," returned his irreverent friend. Perhaps it is this charm that also makes the fortune, as a social paradise, of the House of Lords.

PRUSSIA.

THE Constitutional student ought to be infinitely obliged to the Prussian Government and the Prussian Parliament, for they are reproducing in our times all the famous old questions and struggles which are read of as things long past in the pages of English text-writers. The last step which Count BISMARCK—whose policy may literally be said to be as good as a Constitutional play—has thought proper to take is to wring from a Court of Law an avowal of the doctrine that a member of the Prussian Parliament may be prosecuted before an ordinary tribunal for what he has said in his place in the House. There is no doctrine by which the supporters of high-handed absolutism set greater store, and very reasonably. For if a member can be prosecuted for speaking plainly in Parliament, all Parliamentary speaking must become as tame as Count BISMARCK could wish. It was supposed that the Prussian Constitution expressly guarded all members of either House from a danger of this sort, for it declares that for the opinions they may express in Parliament they are only responsible to the House; and hitherto the Courts of Law of every degree of importance have concurred in ruling that a member was thus protected, whatever he might say. If the House liked to notice it, that was another thing, but no Court of Law could take cognizance of it. But Count BISMARCK has managed to make the lawyers alter their views. Although the two sections of the Supreme Tribunal had severally pronounced that the Law Courts had no jurisdiction over offences alleged to have been committed in Parliament, it was possible, according to Prussian law, to convoke these two sections in one great Court of ultimate review; and this having been done, the final decision now is that a member of Parliament may be prosecuted when what he says is not a mere opinion, but amounts in itself to a distinct legal offence. For example, in one of the prosecutions of former years, which failed, the Government indicted a member because he had used words of a Minister which amounted to an insult offered to a functionary of the Crown while in discharge of his duty, which in Prussia is a distinct and indictable offence. In another case of former years, the Government prosecuted a Polish member who had expressed sympathy with some Polish insurgents. He had, it was said, used treasonable language, and thereby committed a legal crime. By the last decision of the United Supreme Court such cases are

brought within the jurisdiction of the tribunals, and it is obvious that every strong expression of feeling may expose the speaker to indictment under one or other of these two heads. It was exactly the same doctrine that was laid down by the Courts of Law in the time of CHARLES I. A member of Parliament may say what he likes, it was ruled, unless he uses words which in themselves constitute a crime. If the House does not choose to notice illegal words when used, a Court of Law may notice them after the Session of Parliament is over. The Long Parliament put an end to such a doctrine for ever in England, and since the Restoration no occasion has arisen when the House has come into collision on this head with the Courts of Law. But all Constitutionalism is very young in Prussia, and things which have happened so long ago in England as to be forgotten are repeated there, because the struggle going on there is essentially the same as that through which English liberty passed triumphantly in the seventeenth century.

Like all Constitutions, the Prussian Constitution depends for its vitality, not on the letter of its provisions, but on the temper and habits of thought of the people to whom it is applied. The framer of a Constitution cannot foresee everything, and it must be owned that the framers of the Prussian Constitution did not foresee many things which might have occurred to them if they had pondered over the instructive history of the English Constitution. There were great gaps in the Prussian scheme, and the reactionary Ministries which for the last sixteen years have mostly had it their own way have taken care to fill up those gaps in the way that suited them best. They have thus destroyed many of those secondary safeguards of liberty to which our ample experience teaches us to attach great importance. Thus the Prussian Constitution enacted that Ministers of the Crown might be impeached, but, instead of saying how and by whom, it provided that a Bill should be passed to clear up that important point. Consequently nothing was easier than for every Ministry to decline bringing in a Bill, and Count BISMARCK has ended by declaring that no Minister would consent to be tried by a Law Court for his acts as Minister. A still more important step towards unfettered absolutism has been taken by providing, as was done in the height of the reactionary fury, that no official of the Crown should be accountable to any one except his own superiors for any of his official acts; and we know well enough that, of all blows at liberty, this is the most fatal, and that there is no freedom worthy the name unless every citizen can bring before a magistrate any case in which the powers conferred on officials by law have been exceeded. Further, the Ministry for the time being has now gained complete control over the Law Courts, for the judges now hold their office only during the pleasure of the Crown. It used to be one of the great boasts of Prussians that they had Law Courts free from every stain of reproach, and that the Supreme Court had dared to beard the great FREDERICK himself. It always filled Prussians with a peculiar pride to point to their courts of justice, and avow that the judges there could never be suspected of any design except that of doing absolute and rigid justice. But no judge can long remain proof to the blandishments and threats of Ministers who at any moment can dismiss him; and it is obvious that some sinister influence must have been at work when the majority in a Court is one way, although the majority in each of its two halves has been the other way. Lastly, the Prussian Ministers have taken advantage of a real or alleged ambiguity in the Constitution to assert that they are by no means under the control of the President of the Lower Chamber when they appear there. They merely come there to announce the KING's pleasure, and to listen to any observations by which the KING may be guided or informed as to the matters he has in hand. It makes, therefore, no difference whether a man in the room they thus enter chooses to ring a bell or put on his hat or go through any of the pantomimic gestures of Parliamentary authority. They do not pretend to be under his rule, and they will sit there and talk there as they please. Thus Constitutionalism is in a very infant state in Prussia at present; and it might perhaps be thought that it would cost the Prussians as much trouble and take them as long a time as it cost us and took us to win all our upward steps on the steep path of constitutional liberty.

But we may hope better things for Prussia. The Prussians bear all these invasions of what they conceive to be their rights because they believe profoundly in their own rights. They regard BISMARCK as a very temporary evildoer. He must pass away before long, and his system with him; and the evils he

causes are not so great that good people cannot manage to put up with them for a time. At the very most, he cannot last longer than the life of the KING lasts. There is, also, always the chance that the KING may get tired of him, and may regret to see the old loyalty of the Prussians for their Royal House waning rapidly away. Whether the Prussians judge rightly or not is an open question; but the arguments for thinking them decidedly right seem to us to preponderate greatly. What has made Constitutionalism weak in Prussia is that the people have had an intense veneration for the Crown, and have been proud of being almost sternly loyal. The interest in political discussions was confined to few persons; the social fear of the aristocracy was overwhelming; and there was no perception how much of political liberty depends on the mode in which small questions of daily life are decided. Gradually all these causes of feeble political action have diminished. All this long patient discussion, going on in every educated family day after day and year after year, has altered the Prussian nation, and made it more and more fit for political life. There is no longer any great love, loyalty, or reverence for the KING; if he is not much blamed it is because the mass of blame is reserved for his Minister, and if he is not much disliked it is because the nation thinks it has more to hope from his son than to fear from him. The interest in politics is daily more widely spread, and in thousands of households social discussion teaches men and women to see what is the object of those subsidiary checks on Ministerial arrogance and violence to which the English people pay so much attention. Those who enter into these discussions grow in confidence and self-respect, and are less afraid of the nobility. Thus Prussia, although under an absolutism of increasing intensity, grows in political vigour; and the Prussians are, it may be hoped, quite right in believing that the passion for freedom will outlive the passion for absolutism. Meanwhile it must be remembered that the Prussian Parliament is not quite powerless. The KING can practically defy his Parliament so long as he only spends his ordinary revenue, but directly he wants loans or guarantees he is in a difficulty. The Lower House will not sanction a loan; and if lenders choose nevertheless to lend the money, they must take the risk, and, of all risk, that which lenders most dislike is the risk of illegality. The ambitious policy of Count BISMARCK is therefore very much crippled. The credit of Prussia is indisputably high, but he cannot make use of the credit of Prussia; and without money, although he may make himself prominent and disagreeable, he cannot do anything great.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE papers inform us that on the first day of the Session the new leader of the House of Commons slipped into his place unnoticed and uncheered. Modest exordiums have generally characterized Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches, and it is not inconsistent with the probability of a future career not less striking than his past career that he commences a new phase of Parliamentary life in the most undemonstrative fashion. Apart from the sagacious modesty which did not court notice, there are other considerations which suggest reasons why he should not excite enthusiasm. Mr. GLADSTONE's nature is, not to excite enthusiasm, but rather to repel it, except in the heat and glow of vehement debate. It is only when he is warmed by the spirit of advocacy or of attack that he inspires his followers with sympathy. It would be erroneous to say that his is a cold temperament. Undoubtedly he has feelings both strong and warm; but the heat is latent, and has to be conducted through many devious and conflicting channels of calculation and refinement before it comes into contact with other natures. In the tempest of debate, he kindles a glow in his supporters which, however, rarely outlasts the occasion which called it forth. It is this absence of a uniform and permanent sympathy which, above all things, distinguishes Mr. GLADSTONE from Lord PALMERSTON, and which bids fair to give a peculiar character to Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership of the House. No one would describe Lord PALMERSTON as a man of strong emotions. He did not belong to the class of men who are remarkable for the gushingness of their feelings and for incontinence in their expression. No one ever could imagine those moments, precious to a certain kind of disposition, when Lord PALMERSTON would interrupt the even flow of his speech with spasmodic outbursts of sentiment or with a painful effort to command feelings which he was unable to express. Neither is it easy to recall occasions on which the late Premier soared into

the higher regions of Parliamentary eloquence. The ordinary style of his speech was conversational—indeed, it was very generally commonplace. But commonplace as it most frequently was, free as it almost always was from eloquence, and free as it always was from any emotional element, it did certainly find its way to the hearts and feelings of his hearers. Not often heated, and never excited, by his theme, Lord PALMERSTON could at times create in his followers an enthusiasm which to the external world must have been wholly inexplicable. The truth is, that the character of the man himself was so well known, his instincts were so familiar, that a very few words sufficed to conduct his meaning to his audience. They had already anticipated the purport before the words were fairly out of his mouth, and the form of the words was a secondary matter. In his case there was an understanding between the speaker and those whom he addressed—such an understanding as must always subsist between a frank and genial man and other men who are in habitual intercourse with him. On any great subject it was not difficult for members to know what Lord PALMERSTON's sentiments would be; their enunciation in the House, therefore, touched a chord which was quite ready to respond. Was it a subject of foreign policy, which affected the honour of England? Then Lord PALMERSTON would speak as a patriotic English gentleman. Was it a matter of delicacy, to which it was expedient for the time to give the go-by? Then Lord PALMERSTON gave it the go-by in the light and easy way in which men of the world dismiss questions which it is inconvenient to treat at length. Whether he was explicit or reserved, he had a sympathetic following, because both his reserve and his explicitness were characteristic of a disposition thoroughly known and intelligible to the House.

Now this is the very reverse of Mr. GLADSTONE's character. He can both edify and amuse the House by a disquisition on finance such as Lord PALMERSTON had neither the power nor the wish to attempt. He can interweave figures of rhetoric and flowers of poetry with the details of a Budget with a success which Lord PALMERSTON could never have attained. And in some of the greatest conflicts of modern debate he has shown himself always equal, and sometimes superior, to the greatest debaters of this generation. Still, with all these admitted advantages, the success with which he will lead the House of Commons is a problem equally to his friends and his foes. It is not enough to constitute the Leader of the Government in the House of Commons, that he should be the most forcible or the most graceful of speakers; neither is it sufficient that he should be the most felicitous of financiers. A knowledge is required greater than the science of finance or the art of speaking—the knowledge of mankind and the knowledge of one's own self. In both these Mr. GLADSTONE is eminently deficient. Had he known more of human nature, it is only consistent with common charity to suppose that he would not have seized so many occasions for irritating it; that the escapades of the Exhibition Buildings question would have been avoided, and the inauspicious attack on Mr. SHERIDAN foregone. And if Mr. GLADSTONE's eccentricities have furnished grounds for the belief that he has little of that knowledge of mankind without which no one can hope to be, we will not say an orator or a statesman, but even a great member of Parliament, they have fostered in a still greater degree the conviction that he is eminently deficient in that knowledge which the Greek sage averred had descended from heaven. Of course, it would be hypercritical to censure any modern statesman for having modified his political doctrines in the course of a long public life. None of the statesmen who have held high office within the last thirty years could hope to win a fitch awarded to undeviating consistency. Not to speak of the present leaders of the Conservative party, WELLINGTON changed his creed, PEEL changed his, Sir JAMES GRAHAM changed his. But in each of these cases the change was slow, painful, and reluctant. One could almost trace in the features of each of the converts the symptoms of the struggle by which his mind was tried. And each yielded to a conviction, not that to concede was theoretically right, but that to refuse concession was practically inexpedient. The Duke of WELLINGTON did not so much persuade himself that the concession of Emancipation was right because the broad principle of toleration was right, as that the denial of Emancipation would breed a mutiny among the Irish soldiers of the King's army; and that, if the King's army mutinied, the King's Government could not be carried on. Even the conversion of Sir ROBERT PEEL to the doctrine of Free Trade was marked by the slow recognition of theoretical truths which distinguished that very practical statesman, and must dis-

tinguish all practical statesmen. For years before the Corn-laws were abolished the principle of Protection had been steadily and gradually impaired. Nor, perhaps, would corn so soon have followed the hundred or two hundred other articles of the Protection tariff, had not the Irish famine come to the rescue of Free-traders. In relinquishing the protective duties on corn, as in yielding civil rights to the Roman Catholics, Sir ROBERT PEEL justified his recantation by appealing to a necessity which made theories ridiculous and consistency hazardous. A people was to be fed, a nation was to be tranquillized. In the face of such a duty, speculative consistency became as nugatory as the defence of a schoolman's theorem. To do Sir ROBERT PEEL justice, he openly avowed the process of reasoning by which his opinions had been modified. He did not set about propounding a magnificent thesis to show that Free Trade was the embodiment of the Most True and the Most Just, and all the other beneficent adjectives with capital letters. Neither did he seduce the minds of his admiring audience into a labyrinthine maze of subtleties for the purpose of demonstrating that up to that very day and hour Protection was the one just and right thing, but that hence-forward these essential qualities were to be absolutely changed.

With regard to Mr. GLADSTONE, who can make the same assertion or cherish the same belief? Who can conjecture the suddenness or measure the extent of his inconsistencies? It is not his liability to change his mind which inspires his followers with alarm and his opponents with amazement, but the extent of his changes, and the subtle refinements by which he justifies his conversions. Young politicians of the rising generation are probably ignorant that Mr. GLADSTONE entered Parliament the child and champion of advanced Toryism; that country rectors regarded him as devout French Catholics regard M. DE MONTAUBERT, and that country squires trusted in him as their fathers had trusted in PERCEVAL or ELDON. But older politicians will ask themselves how it is possible to predict the mutations of a statesman who, having in his youth claimed for the State the adjunct of a religious conscience, appears not unwilling in his riper years to do justice to Ireland by abolishing her Established Church, and who, having in mature life volunteered an apology for pocket boroughs, not five years afterwards courts and obtains the applause of the advocates of universal suffrage? And if this inconsistency of action startles men, still more alarming is that fatal facility of argument, that ready enunciation of abstract doctrines applicable at the shortest notice to any purpose of the moment, which has often been remarked upon as a characteristic of Mr. GLADSTONE's oratory. That he will always find reasons for any line of action which it may suit him to adopt with regard to any public question whatever, is probable enough; but it is precisely this inventiveness of reasons which makes his leadership so terrible to his followers. They do not know what he may be able to persuade himself of at any given moment of his life. They are always living in fear of some fresh discovery in political philosophy as remarkable and as unexpected as that of the abstract right of all mankind to vote at elections. Is it wonderful that his followers shrink in dismay from the guidance of a chief whose peculiar power of seeing many sides to a question precludes his adhesion to any one side, and who, having thrown off the mantle of Oxford Toryism, may, for aught they know, be about to emulate O'CONNELL in his Irish, and Mr. BRIGHT in his English, policy?

JAMAICA.

IT appears from the Royal Speech that the Jamaica Commissioners have been instructed to report "on the origin, nature, and circumstances of the late outbreak, and the measures adopted in the course of its suppression." The inquiry will therefore not extend to the political or social condition of the island, except as far as the faults of the Government or of the community may generally account for any popular discontent. It is, indeed, hardly possible that the Commissioners should be able to add materially to the copious statements which are contained in the papers lately presented to Parliament. Although it is impossible to reconcile all the allegations of different witnesses, it is evident that Mr. CARDWELL was justified in attributing the unsatisfactory condition of the negroes to their indisposition to work for wages. The distress which was described by Dr. UNDERHILL seems to have been partial, and its amount, even in the poorest districts, was greatly exaggerated. Almost all the

accounts which were furnished to the Government tend to show that the peasantry of Jamaica are, on the whole, exempt from want. On week-days they wear ragged clothes, which are not inconvenient in a hot climate, and on Sundays they dress with unusual splendour. Magistrates and owners of property concur in the statement that the extraordinary prevalence of petty theft is in no degree owing to the pressure of poverty. The culprits are in almost all cases young, strong, and healthy; and they pilfer because it is less trouble to take their neighbours' property than to work on their own account. One of the GOVERNOR's informants oddly illustrates the character of the negroes by expressing an opinion that, if the soil and the climate were those of Devonshire, it would be impossible to make cider, because all the apples would be stolen. A law which was lately passed for the corporal punishment of men or boys convicted of larceny seems to have received universal approval. The morality of the people is in other respects not satisfactory. Two-thirds of the children are illegitimate, and there is no law compelling the father to maintain his offspring. The GOVERNOR states that the Assembly objects to a bastardy law on the ground that the woman would always perjure herself; but he adds his own opinion, that the legislators hesitate to pass an enactment which would be often available against themselves. It is said that the best workmen and servants are those who were trained in slavery, and that the younger generation is hopelessly demoralized by bad domestic examples in early life. The negroes in some parts of the island have withdrawn themselves from the control and influence of English Baptist ministers. In their own chapels religion seems to be wholly dissociated from morality, and the so-called revivals have tended to increase the prevailing licentiousness. Obeah men, maintaining their influence by the use of poison, are still respected or feared; and, on the whole, it seems wonderful that condition of society so much degraded should be compatible with any degree of material prosperity. The Bishop of KINGSTON, commenting on Dr. UNDERHILL's letter, goes so far as to express a doubt whether a reduction of taxes would confer real benefit on the peasantry. "The heathen poet who held that the deities *curia acutum mortalia corda*, and the Scotch philosophers and theologians who maintain that the sterility of the soil is the cause of manly virtue, wealth, and happiness to the people of Scotland, would probably think with me that, in the present low condition of this people, any great reduction in the value of food or clothing would be of very questionable benefit." It is not exactly the business of governors and legislators to sharpen the wits of men by adding to their troubles; but, on the speculative question, the Bishop may possibly be in the right.

On one point all parties are happily unanimous. The Assembly which Mr. CARDWELL has, for a special purpose, resorted from its own sentence of suicide, has not a single well-wisher. Mr. HOSACK, of the Executive Council, declares that he would do anything in his power to get rid of the Assembly, and Mr. BOWERBANK, Custos of Kingston, asserts that it is the curse of the colony. Two causes sufficiently accounted for the local failure of representative government. There was no constituency which expressed the wants and opinions of the community, and there was no class from which a competent supply of qualified members could be drawn. The ruin which has fallen on the proprietors has greatly reduced the number of independent and educated residents, and the Assembly was consequently composed of persons who devoted themselves more zealously to robbery than to legislation. Although the qualification was low, the actual constituency was small, and there was reason to believe that the character of the Assembly would have been still further deteriorated if the number of voters had been largely increased. The opposite plan of raising the franchise was one of the most objectionable provisions of the absurd Bill which was passed at the beginning of the Session, to be repealed within a few weeks. The GOVERNOR himself would have preferred a Council of nominees, but he considered that such a measure could not be carried through the Assembly. It is evident that representative government in Jamaica for the present implies sectional legislation, and it would have been invidious and foolish to entrust power to a small fraction of a divided community. The Assembly will finally close its unhonoured existence as soon as it has either authorized the Commissioners to take evidence on oath or refused to comply with the requirements of the Government.

The GOVERNOR, and the more hasty agents of repression, fully understand by this time the nature of the doubts which

prevail in England as to the propriety of their conduct. Mr. CARDWELL's despatches are admirable in temper, and they convey with proper official reserve exactly the same impressions which have been produced in all dispassionate minds. It is strange that it should have been necessary to remind Mr. EYRE that he had forwarded no proofs of the existence of a conspiracy, or of the guilt of a member of the Assembly whom he had himself transmitted for trial, or rather for execution, to a Court-martial. There are two ways of regarding his conduct until full information is obtained, and the different but not inconsistent views were respectively represented by the mover and seconder of the Address in the House of Lords. The Marquis of NORMANBY professed, in conventional language, his inability to believe what he nevertheless seems strongly to have suspected; and the Earl of MORLEY complains that the question has been prejudged, in terms which imply that he has himself made up his mind in favour of the GOVERNOR's conduct. Neither speaker had read the despatches which prove that, down to the 11th of October, there was not the smallest suspicion of any negro conspiracy. Two or three days afterwards the whole white population was frightened into the belief of a general plot; but if there had been evidence of any such design, it is impossible that the proofs should not have been noticed in any part of the correspondence. If the Commissioners discover that any treasonable organization existed, they will know more than Mr. EYRE appears to have known. It is not impossible that they may trace the outbreak to the agency of GORDON; but in this case also punishment preceded inquiry. The GOVERNOR on one occasion quotes a letter in which Colonel HOBBS, who was in another part of the island, asserts that he was in possession of evidence of GORDON's guilt, and requests that GORDON may be sent to him for trial and execution. Mr. CARDWELL calmly reminds Mr. EYRE that the supposed proofs in Colonel HOBBS's possession have never been transmitted. He also inquires whether the GOVERNOR's approval of the execution of GORDON rested on his participation in the insurrection, "or, as your letter to Major-General O'CONNOR might give occasion to suppose, on evidence of the lesser offence of using seditious and inflammatory language, calculated, indeed, to produce resistance to authority and rebellion, but without proof of any deliberate design of producing that result."

The military reports and newspaper accounts which produced so much excitement in England were forwarded by the GOVERNOR for the information of the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Mr. EYRE is entitled to the benefit of his statement that he had not had time to read the atrocious documents for which he might, at first sight, have seemed to make himself responsible. Mr. CARDWELL has returned copies of the papers, with a demand for explanation; and it will shortly appear whether Captain FORD, of the St. Thomas-in-the-East Irregular Troop, is a murderer, a self-accusing braggart, or the victim of a shameless forgery. This person is alleged to state, in a tone of approval, that "G. W. GORDON had his black coat and vest taken from him by one of the soldiers, also his spectacles by another." He adds:—"We quarter on the enemy as much as possible; small stock, turkeys, &c., we take *ad libitum*; other supplies we give receipts for. The black troops are more successful than ours in catching horses; nearly all of them are mounted. They shot about 160 people on their march from Port Antonio to Manchioneal, hanged seven in Manchioneal, and shot three on their way here. This is a picture of martial law; the soldiers enjoy it, the inhabitants learn to dread it; if they run on their approach, they are shot for running away." Lord DERBY blames the Government for not supporting Mr. EYRE, right or wrong, without remembering that such narratives as those of Captain FORD were sent home without disavowal of their accuracy or explanation of the proceedings recited. A Governor is of course not answerable for a newspaper report; but it is not yet either proved or alleged that FORD has been guilty of falsehood. The appointment of a Commission is undoubtedly an indication, on the part of the Government, of want of confidence in Mr. EYRE, and the suspension of the GOVERNOR himself from the exercise of his functions was a necessary accompaniment of the measure. The honour of the Imperial Government is, thus far, amply vindicated by the prompt institution of an inquiry. The SECRETARY OF STATE, in default of fuller information, condemns no civil or military officer, but he has already recorded his disapprobation of the conduct which has been attributed to those in authority in Jamaica. The expression of a hope that

Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK may have been misinformed involves a definite, though hypothetical, judgment on the slaughter of 1,500 persons, if the naval commander on the station proves to have been accurate in his official report to the Lords of the Admiralty. If all the accounts from Jamaica which have been sent by the GOVERNOR and by the supporters of his policy are found to be incorrect, Mr. CARDWELL will have the pleasant duty of acquitting his subordinates of charges which were for the most part originally preferred by themselves. In the meantime, few persons will share the sorrow of Lord MELVILLE, "who grieves to think that the GOVERNOR's conduct should be subject to review by men who never knew what danger was." The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the executions under the Reign of Terror have been habitually subjected to review by men who never knew the dangers which provoked the Catholic Leagues or the Jacobins.

CAPTAIN COLES AND THE ADMIRALTY.

A REMARKABLE correspondence which has just been printed has closed, for the present at any rate, the relations between the Board of Admiralty and the inventor of turret-ships. The history of this last phase of a long controversy may be summed up in a few words. The *Times* had published an article implying that Mr. REED's ships were as good as, or perhaps better than, turret-ships on Captain COLES's principle. Captain COLES wrote a letter to the *Standard*, arguing—and we think we may say, proving (so far as anything short of the long-refused trial can prove)—that his ships, if the Admiralty would only build them, would be better than Mr. REED's. Thereupon the Admiralty wrote to say that they revoke their promise to consult Captain COLES on the design of the turret-ship which Mr. REED is under orders to build, and that they shall stop the allowance which Captain COLES (though still on half-pay) has been for some years receiving as consulting adviser of the Admiralty on this important matter.

The consequence is that the promised turret-ship is to be designed by the unaided genius of the man who has said more and done more to decry the system altogether than any one else in England. Putting aside for the moment the question whether Captain COLES has been fairly dealt with, one is tempted to ask the much more serious question whether in this business the Admiralty are dealing quite fairly with the country. It is a matter in itself of very little public importance whether Captain COLES has or has not the gift of complaisance, without which it is in vain to try to conciliate a Board; or even whether he or the angry Board has most offended against the rules of etiquette. But it is a matter of absolutely first-rate importance that the experiment of a sea-going turret-ship should be fairly tried, and should moreover be believed to be fairly tried. If Mr. REED makes a failure of his turret-ship, ill-natured people may say that he never understood, as he certainly has never appreciated, the invention; and the great problem which the Admiralty ought to have solved years ago will remain as open as ever some two years hence. If, on the other hand, Captain COLES had every facility given him for turning out the best ship that his method could produce, the result of the experiment, if at all of a decisive character, would be accepted as almost conclusive. Independently, therefore, of the barren question who began the squabble, this breach between a Board which is reluctantly beginning to build a new kind of ship, and the man who above all others knows how such a ship ought to be built, is certain to be very detrimental to the public service. If, in some future war, our ships should be knocked to pieces by hostile Monitors, it will scarcely be thought a sufficient excuse for the Board of Admiralty to say that the calamity all came from Captain COLES writing injudicious letters, and so compelling the Board to sacrifice the efficiency of the fleet to their own wounded dignity. In the face of such a calamity, it is easy to guess in what language a sailor would bless the dignity of the Board; and even quieter and more partial critics would pronounce it unfortunate that their Lordships could not have managed to keep on terms with an inventor whose genius might have doubled the strength of the fleet. If those who have had the management of the navy for years past had had any appreciation of the vast possibilities which lie in this most important invention, we undertake to say that not only would there have been no quarrel with Captain COLES to fill up the gossip of naval circles, but that there might perhaps have been seen at this day a godly fleet of turreted ships, capable of going anywhere and doing anything, and blowing all the broadside ships out of the water. Whether we are right or wrong in this

guess, it is at least certain that it is the fault of the Admiralty alone that there should be any occasion for guessing on the subject at all. One way or the other, the controversy might have been, and ought to have been, decided years ago, and now it seems more than doubtful whether the Board will allow it to be decided for we know not how many years more.

To descend from these weighty considerations to the petty details of the Admiralty quarrel, we are not sure that the Board are entitled to a verdict, even on the miserable issue of etiquette on which they have staked a momentous national question. It would not much mend the matter if they were, but we will state the facts, and give them the benefit of such palliation as may be afforded by the narrative. Like most small disputes, this has a long history, and we must go back to the summer of 1862. Then, as now, Captain COLES was engaged in that siege of the Admiralty which has already lasted almost as long as the siege of Troy; and in the course of it he wrote, as he has a way of doing, some very unanswerable letters in the public press. Captain COLES being then on full pay, it was decided to be a breach of professional etiquette to write to the newspapers at all; and in order to free himself from this restraint, he applied to be placed on the half-pay list. This was done, and it was conceded on all hands that his pen was thenceforth as much at liberty as if he had been a civilian. Shortly after this first skirmish a truce was effected. The Board of Admiralty, though nothing would induce them to take up turret-ships in earnest, offered to retain the services of Captain COLES, in order that they might have the benefit of advice which they showed no intention of following any further than they might be compelled by the pressure of public opinion. Before accepting this allowance, Captain COLES appears to have stipulated that it should in no way interfere with his liberty of unlicensed printing; and accordingly a very singular agreement was signed, the substance of which, as we gather from the correspondence, was that Captain COLES was to give the Admiralty the benefit of his patents and the assistance of his advice, in return for which he was to enjoy certain allowances, "with free liberty, "by means of lectures, models, publications, and otherwise, "to prove the great utility, value, and economy of his invention."

The Admiralty, as we understand, do not dispute this right of free publication, but while they concede that Captain COLES was entitled to write to the papers, they object so strongly to one particular letter that they conceive it to be their duty to deprive Captain COLES of his stipulated allowance, and the country of Captain COLES's services. There should be something very terrible in the letter to involve such serious consequences, but, after a careful perusal, we can find nothing more than what we are about to state. It must be remembered that not only had Captain COLES been long engaged in making public the merits of his invention, but that Mr. REED had designed a class of ships with a fixed central battery avowedly to do all, or more than all, that the turret-ships promised; and that by his own speeches and lectures, and by the newspaper contributions of well-informed admirers of his system, its recommendations were as widely circulated as those of the inventor whom he hoped to surpass. This, of course, was fair enough; and we do not think it at all a matter of complaint that Mr. REED not only praised his own central batteries, but made comparisons for the express purpose of disparaging the turrets, in which he seems incapable of believing. Except by such comparisons it was impossible to test what could only be a question of relative merits. Captain COLES was throughout quite as energetic as his opponent in this paper controversy, and we think more convincing. His *Naughty Child* certainly beat the *Favourite* in everything but this, that the *Favourite* was allowed to be built and the *Naughty Child* was not; and perhaps, as we are discussing, be it remembered, a question of etiquette and courtesy, it is only right to make some allowance for the mortification of an inventor who saw the inferior models of a rival built one after another, while his own more promising plans were never allowed a genuine trial.

Some time in January the crisis was brought about by an article in the *Times*, which struck Captain COLES as not doing justice to the turret as compared with the broadside principle. He accordingly published an answer in the columns of the *Standard*, in which he compared a dozen confessedly imperfect turret-ships with a like number of our most recent iron-clads. He argued, and brought facts to prove, that these turret-ships had seen more sea service than any of Mr. REED's ships. He called the *Enterprise* and *Research* "dreadfully slow," which, though not flattering, was not very incorrect; he spoke of the *Pallas* having fallen short of her anticipated

speed, and, referring to the boasted despatch with which Mr. REED's vessels had been built, hinted at "the remarkable slowness with which Government turret-ships 'coming under Mr. REED's jurisdiction had progressed.' In conclusion he said that, with a hundredth part of the encouragement and assistance given to Mr. REED, he thought he could turn out a seagoing ship with as much despatch as the *Pallas* or *Bellerophon*, and as much success in her way as the *Royal Sovereign* was in hers, and added that "he did not 'care who designed turret-ships so long as the naval architect took the matter up *con amore*, and was competent."

Now we must admit that the Admiralty would scarcely be gratified by these arguments. A Board is no more likely than an individual to be conciliated by an unanswerable *argumentum ad hominem*, or we suppose we ought to say *ad lignum*; and though it was undoubtedly true that Mr. REED's experimental ships were built by the half-dozen in the time in which a turret-ship was allowed to be finished, it showed a want of tact on the part of Captain COLES to make public an announcement which a Board so sensitive as the Admiralty could not but feel as a reproach. Still, if Captain COLES was to be allowed to argue his case at all—and that concession had been formally made to him—it is difficult to see how he could help speaking as disrespectfully of the "square boxes" as Mr. REED had spoken of the turrets. Still less could he avoid the question which occurs to every one, "Has the opposition (to his principle) been fair to the 'country, or have I met with fair play?" If this question had admitted of an answer, no doubt the Board of Admiralty would have preserved their equanimity; but to ask a pertinent question which could not be met was naturally regarded as a mortal sin. Still, if the Admiralty meant to be so very critical, it was a little hard first to allow Captain COLES the privilege of publication, and then to provoke his sarcasm by delaying year after year the commencement of the turreted cruiser, and at last entrusting it exclusively to the hands of the bitterest opponent of the principle who was to be found in the country. No one imagines that Mr. REED will build a bad turret-ship merely because his "square boxes," to use Captain COLES's irreverent phrase, have not been a brilliant success. On the contrary, we think it much more likely that by working at the turret-problem he will free himself from the prejudice which he has formerly exhibited against it. But he can scarcely be expected to take up the work *con amore*; and after the long controversy between them no one can wonder that a hint (for it is no more) of this idea should have escaped Captain COLES. We can offer but one not very hopeful suggestion upon this wretched business. It has taken the Admiralty three or four years to wear out Captain COLES's patience so far as to drive him to the use of unpalatable sarcasms. Might it not be possible for them, in as many days, merely by doing justice to the turret principle, to satisfy at once the inventor and the country, and perhaps even to set Mr. REED and Captain COLES heartily to work together in the construction of such a ship as the world has not yet seen? But then what would become of the dignity of the Board?

STATE-CEREMONIAL.

EVERYTHING went well on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, and the affectionate pleasure with which Her Majesty's reappearance was hailed shows how sincerely attached Englishmen and Englishwomen are to their good and womanly and bereaved Queen. The day was bright, and the crowds were happy and loyal. And in these days of change and revolution it is gratifying to think that, after all, there was not much alteration in the great State ceremonial, and that the eight cream-coloured horses still continue to withstand the ravages of time. Her Majesty's Ministers have not ventured to introduce any unhallowed innovation as to the colour of their manes and tails; and Mr. White, the member for Brighton, who thinks the public expenditure excessive, has not proposed as yet to get the carrying of the Royal family done cheaper and more efficiently with a less numerous team. The State robes were put upon a chair, and the Queen sat on them instead of wearing them; but the position of the robes is not of any real consequence; and Her Majesty was dressed in a way which not only became a Royal widow, but was calculated to awaken the interest and sympathy of all who know what she has lost, and which, in addition to all this, reminded the *Times* reporter forcibly of a likeness to Mary Queen of Scots. The effect of the Queen's black silk on the *Times* is a sort of illustration of the use of such ceremonials to the public at large. They form a link, if not between ourselves and Mary Queen of Scots, at any rate between ourselves and times long since gone by; and the pomp and pageantry of the Heralds and the Garter Kings at Arms become valuable and precious when we consider through what vicissitudes they have lasted, and

how many generations they have seen. To despise such things is simply to display an ignorance of human nature, and an ignorance of the effect which historical ceremonials have upon the mind. Napoleon and his army felt the weight of the centuries that looked down upon them from the Pyramids. The Catholic Bishops who receive every Palm Sunday at Rome the palm branches which the Pope has blessed, are only perpetuating in what may seem a childish form the memories of ages, and Englishmen of sense and good feeling know how to estimate rightly even the intangible shadows of an interesting past. The world alters very fast, and, in proportion as the substance of old customs and opinions passes away, we ought to be increasingly solicitous to tighten our hold upon the shadow. The humorous speech which Mr. Bright fired off last week about the impropriety of wearing an antiquated Court uniform at the Speaker's dinners shows us how very easy it is for a clever speaker to make fun of ancient form and ceremony, and ought to lead us to consider how very much is to be said in favour of their retention on the mere ground that they are ancient. It is easy to comprehend Mr. Bright's practical objection to a sword and a bag, and we can understand how a sword would always have been getting between Mr. Cobden's and Mr. Bright's legs, and making them hot and uncomfortable all through dinner. But we may, without irreverence, notice how much Mr. Bright in this respect has yet to learn from the example of a wise Queen. Nothing probably can be more distasteful to a delicate woman than to have to appear in all the trappings and paraphernalia of royalty on an occasion every incident of which must remind her of a deep personal affliction. The Queen put all these feelings aside, and went bravely through an uncomfortable form, in close proximity to her State robes, because she was aware how much reality there is in forms. Mr. Bright has no such excuse. He wants not so much to be allowed to sit on his uniform instead of wearing it, as to abolish it altogether, and to attend an official banquet in the garb of a private gentleman of the nineteenth century. Natural as the request may be thought at the first blush of the matter, it is a symptom of a spirit that may be questioned. An immaculate civic disregard of conventional attire has many precedents in the age of the Cromwellian Commonwealth, and some parallels nearer the present century. M. Rousseau is said to have objected so sternly to Court apparel that he appeared at a Court play in the dusty garb and travel-stained shoes of a gardener and a botanist. Mr. Bright has also an anti-type in M. Roland, whose chief title to fame, beyond his purity of principle and his official position, is that he was husband of his wife. The husband of Madame Roland felt political scruples about attending the Court in shoe-buckles. Accordingly, he has been commemorated in the *Anti-Jacobin* in lines which, under similar circumstances, might pass muster as a description of Mr. Bright:—

But hold, severer virtue claims the Muse;
Roland the Just with ribbons in his shoes.

The opening of the new Parliament seems, indeed, destined to call our attention to subjects of this kind. Hardly has the Session commenced, but Sir C. O'Loughlen follows suit with the suggestion of another innovation. Sir C. O'Loughlen can put up with much, but he cannot put up with dead languages. The headings of the House of Commons Votes, it seems, are printed in Latin, while the text is printed in English. Sir C. O'Loughlen entertains the same objection to the Latin tongue, and the same apparent distrust of his ability to cope with it, that Mr. Bright displays of his ability to cope with a sword and uniform, and that M. Roland displayed with respect to shoe-buckles. He cannot see why the headings of a Parliamentary document should be veiled in the intolerable obscurity of Latin. Somebody who understands Latin should be got to translate them, or to furnish notes for the benefit of honest and Englishmen, or else cabalistic and hopeless terms like these should be swept away altogether, and not left to irritate and perplex the members for large constituencies in an English Legislature. When we are threatened with so serious an attack upon Deputy-Lieutenants' uniforms and Court-swords and the Latin language, it is all the more pleasant to fall back upon the eight cream-coloured horses, and to thank Heaven that nobody as yet has proposed to touch or to varnish or to dye one sacred milky hair in their historical tails.

Franklin certainly has afforded Mr. Bright and his fellow-countrymen an example of similar scruples. But Franklin and his countrymen must be allowed to stand apart. It is natural that the American dislike of Court dresses should filter across to this side of the Atlantic, and reappear in a diluted form among a certain class of English thinkers. Much as many English people dislike the idea, it is as well frankly to confess at once that America and American institutions exercise some little, and are likely yet to exercise a greater, influence on the manners and habits and tone of mind in this country. The Americans often pretend to imitate the French; the French, in some respects, imitate the English; and, in order to complete the cycle of imitation, many Englishmen are inclined to imitate the Americans. But there is an unwise as well as a wise way of imitating others, and no imitation is wise which does not rest upon rational principles. In their repudiation of courtly forms and courtly dresses, the diplomats of America are not only obeying their official rules, but are carrying out into practice and into the details of life an intelligible theory. America has had, till within late years, no time-honoured history and no classical traditions; she has cut loose the ties that might have bound her to Europe and to European ideas; and the principle of her statesmen is to destroy

all connection between themselves and old régimes to which they owe little, and with which they have nothing in common. We hold that they lose something by the severance, but they think they gain more than they lose, and every great nation is bound on such matters to judge for itself. But the repudiation of the past, which may or may not be necessary or even sensible in America, wears a very different aspect when it is transplanted to an English soil. Just as English Conservatives often err in showing distrust of, or want of sympathy with, the present and the future, English Liberals seem frequently disposed to do England a real injury by exhibiting an ungenerous and foolish impatience of her historical past. The use, indeed, of ceremonials is acknowledged in the New World as fully as it is with us. Blowing away gunpowder from twenty or thirty cannons at once is, in a pecuniary point of view, an expensive waste, but cartloads of gunpowder are blown away every year on the anniversary of Bunker's Hill, and the Americans do not think the powder or money wasted. The only difference is, that the ceremonials of each country are devoted to the commemoration of what each has a particular object in remembrance; and we have no object in forgetting many old associations that the Americans do not possess. There is no earthly reason why we should break off our traditional connection with monarchical associations either here or in the rest of Europe. Englishmen have thought about these things, and have deliberately come to the conclusion that their interest in them is not identical with the interest of their Transatlantic kinsmen; they prefer, to a naked form of Republican government, a Constitution with some sort of Conservative shadow from aristocracy or monarchy resting on it. We are indeed divided amongst ourselves as to the amount of substance that ought to be preserved along with the shadow. The value of progress is accepted by all parties alike; but while one great English party believes that the holders of landed property ought to exercise a real control over the progressive movement, the other holds that the balance of domestic power should be a little shifted. But no wise man, whatever his party, desires to see the Conservative element vanish from the country, or from the House of Commons, or from the Constitution. So long as it exists, we have a guarantee that what changes are made will not be made without due reflection or discussion, and we have a further guarantee that when they are made they will not be destroyed by a temporary popular reaction in the opposite direction. A philosopher who scoffs at ceremony and ceremonials, as being conservative and antiquated, to be consistent, ought also to scoff at the idea of a national flag. A flag, he might urge, is, after all, but so many yards of bunting thrown away on what is often an ugly pattern. Why might we not go one step further in the direction of economy than the abolition of Court dresses and the cream-coloured horses, and save the irrational expense of several thousand union-jacks? Why are senseless rampant lions or unnatural-looking thistles or harps or shamrocks to be carried about, or stuck upon the tops of houses, and to be paid for out of the pockets of British tax-payers and tradesmen? Why not at any rate have flags that cost less than a rampant lion, and that do not require a knowledge of history to understand them? As Mr. Bright objects to swords, and Sir C. O'Loughlen to Latin, is there any sound argument to be urged in favour of prolonging the existence of the unicorn, who is a fabulous animal, and an expensive one to paint? It is true, and would be universally admitted, that some sort of national emblem is not without its uses, if done cheap and on some simple sort of canvas. But a blue banner, with Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform worked on it, would serve every purpose, and express besides the real political opinions of the country. And if so, the Queen and the Lord Mayor may be brought in time to see the wastefulness of State coaches, in an age when a private brougham would answer all requirements, and when an American President finds it possible to discharge all his State duties by means of two post-horses and a fly.

The answer to all this—all of which, it may be observed, is a logical conclusion from the premisses of English Americanizers—is that there is such a thing as national identity. Nothing is harder to define than the meaning of the term identity. It puzzled Heraclitus, and it would perhaps puzzle Mr. Mill. Without memory, identity would be an unmeaning word, for we should not, without memory, be aware that the sensations which we feel this moment group themselves round the same sentient centre round which other sensations grouped themselves yesterday. Whether identity be or be not a mere law under which human thought is compelled to exist, may be left to metaphysicians; it is enough for our present purpose to observe that nations have an identity which is quite as real as the identity of individuals. Men cannot be in two places at once, and where they are they have a tendency to stay; and the memories and associations of the place or country in which they dwell must always exercise a powerful influence on their minds and their actions. Hence comes patriotism and the idea of an hereditary country—an idea which it is obvious is the fruitful source of some selfish, but of many good and noble, actions. As the world advances, it gains largely in means of communication both physical and mental. Many—as the sacred writer observes—run to and fro, and the writings and thoughts of those who are stationary run to and fro instead of themselves. All this tends to weaken the force of national insularity, and to make patriotism less of an egotistical and more of a civilized sentiment. But so long as space bounds human action, so long will patriotism in some sense exist. The effect of progress and civilization will doubtless be considerable, but the utmost result of both in some far distant Utopian century will not be to destroy patriotism, but to teach us to feel

that we are citizens of the world as well as citizens of a corner of the world, and to make patriotism more thoroughly noble and unselfish. The feeling of national identity is therefore, practically speaking, nearly as much a law of human existence as the feeling of individual identity. It may indeed be said that a nation should look only to its present and to its future; but it would be quite as wise and as practical to suggest that a man should steel himself to all his early associations. Mr. Dickens winds up one of his Christmas stories with the hope that it may please Heaven to keep our memories ever green. We may say the same of England that Mr. Dickens says of himself and his readers, and pray that Providence may see fit to keep England's memory green also.

If, then, there is such a thing as the identity of a country, and this identity is worth recognising and preserving, we do not see how the result is to be achieved except by the means of State ceremonials. For it is clear that it would be too great a sacrifice to attempt to preserve it by considering as sacred laws or customs which may have been useful in their day, and yet be unsuited to an age of new inventions, new ideas, and, above all, a sprouting population. But the more we alter our laws, the more tenacious we should reasonably be of our ceremonials. If everything else goes by the board, or, at any rate, is threatened with attack and change, at least let these stand as a monument of what has been. It is not too much to say that every ceremony is a sort of fossil, and preserves imbedded inside it some historical or political truth. English State forms are in their way as important, and ought, unless they are hurtful, to be as sacred, as the British Museum. The Iconoclasts, at any rate, had some principle of their own, however wild and exaggerated, at the bottom of their raid upon English churches and cathedrals. But political Iconoclasts have no such apology. Her Majesty's cream-coloured horses and her State robes, and the Latin headings to which Sir C. O'Loughlen so much objects, perpetuate no abuse, suggest no dangers, offend nobody, and may mean something. If Guy Fawkes is a serious subject of irritation, Guy Fawkes can be spared, but Gog and Magog throw nothing in anybody's teeth, and only ask to be let alone. And we do not despair, in these days of Volunteers, of convincing even Mr. Bright (who, with all his faults, is an Englishman, and perhaps a Volunteer, though probably a non-effective) that a sword can be carried without serious injury to the person, and that a kind of spurious classical satisfaction may be derived from hearing it clang against the Speaker's stairs.

MR. ARNOLD ON THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

THE last number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains one of those odd articles which Mr. Matthew Arnold so much delights in writing. It is called "My Countrymen," and is written apparently in order to teach that degraded part of creation, the British middle classes, what the intelligent foreigners think about them. The article begins by referring to some advice which we had the honour of tendering to Mr. Arnold about a year ago, on the impropriety of describing the whole English nation as a parcel of miserable Philistines, destitute of all the higher mental gifts, and especially of a certain quasi-divine power of understanding and believing in ideas which it appears belongs exclusively to the French. Mr. Arnold was struck, he tells us, by this article. It made him "make a serious return on himself," and he resolved never to call his countrymen Philistines again till he had thought more about it. In the course of his meditations, he found that other people besides the *Saturday Review* were opposed to him. In the face of Mr. Bazley, the member for Manchester, the *Non-conformist*, the *Daily News*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, by all of which authorities he was contradicted, he found it impossible to persist in his old accusations. He decided that he would never call his countrymen Philistines any more, and he recorded his resolution in a beautiful and appropriate Scriptural quotation. "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still." We should be sorry to suggest that Mr. Arnold has broken his good resolutions by describing the unfortunate Philistines as unjust and filthy, but it appears to us that he thinks there are few just men, and not many clean beasts, on this side of the British Channel. His way of conveying his impression as to the "filthiness" of the unclean animals who ought to rush violently down the cliffs at Dover and Brighton is by repeating the views taken by (possibly ideal) foreigners of our national character, and communicated to him during a foreign tour of some months which he lately made upon public business. He shows us what a terrible opinion our foreign friends have formed of us, and he tells us by implication that we may or may not be Philistines, but that foreigners consider us as such, and that, in his own opinion, they have much the best of the argument. It is worth while to state the arguments of his foreign friends, and to say just a few words on them. It may be true that we care too little what foreigners think about us, and whatever else may be said of Mr. Arnold, no one will deny that few people can be better qualified to repeat in a pleasant half-foreign style the commonplaces about England and things English which happen to be current for the moment amongst literary foreigners.

First, it appears that the German and French newspapers treat us with contempt. The *Kohlsche Zeitung* was graciously pleased to observe that the Russians, "in spite of their splendid courage, were in the Crimean war constantly beaten by the French; nay, decidedly beaten even by the English and the Turks." "One of

the gravest and most moderate of French papers" was indignant at English coldness about a proposed commission to stop the cholera. "Let us speak to these English," said the indignant journalist, "the only language they can comprehend. England lives for her trade; cholera interrupts trade; therefore it is for England's interest to join in precautions against cholera." Mr. Arnold says that such compliments are displeasing to remember and to repeat. We can only say with the Roman matron of old—the type, by the way, of Lord Derby's coalheaver—"Pate, non angit." If it were worth while to retort upon the *Kolnische Zeitung*, and the grave French paper, we might mention one or two English victories won, not over Russians, and some cases in which English money has been spent for other than mercenary objects; but foreigners of course know best. Inkermann and Alma are the only names on the colours of the Guards, and our French friends know precisely how much trade Parry and Franklin found in the Polar Sea, and how much money profit we got from the African blockade.

The foreign newspapers, however, are not our only instructors. Our wretched foreign policy has brought us "to the third place in the world's estimation, instead of the first. He who disbelieves it, let him go round to every embassy in Europe, and ask if it is not true." Really it is not worth the trouble to make such a long journey for such a small piece of news. What we are is a matter on which Mr. Arnold, charm he never so wisely, will never persuade one Englishman in ten thousand to take the faintest interest. "What do I care," is the unexpressed feeling of the typical Englishman, "whether some man who happens by accident to have heard my name (which he can neither pronounce nor even spell) does or does not despise the person whom he associates with it? I would not walk across the room to make him think me a hero or to prevent him from thinking me a rogue."

We learn, however, more in detail what are the opinions of our foreign friends about us. The foreigners despise us because we never, in foreign affairs, "really comprehend the situation, so that they can never feel us to be in living sympathy with them." "England is like the young man from the country, who talks to the nursemaid after she has upset the perambulator." This is rather an elaborate comparison, and refers, it seems, to some entertainment of Mr. John Parry's with which we do not profess to be acquainted, but it is clearly explained in course of time. Translated into prose, it means that the English press often writes superficially, and with very imperfect knowledge, about foreign affairs. This we think is true. In the course of the last ten years, for example, articles on the policy of nearly every foreign country in the world have appeared in the columns of this and other journals, and no doubt plenty of mistakes are to be found in them. We are, however, inclined to believe that on the whole it is better, and shows not less intelligence, to say many things and to make many mistakes, either from imperfect information or from bad judgment, than to say nothing at all, and make no mistakes, simply because you are allowed to say nothing except what the Government likes. Dead horses never shy, and it is surprising how few political mistakes are made by newspapers which are not permitted to discuss political questions. If the foreigners might talk, we should hear what we should hear. Their omniscience is notorious. No foreign journal ever displayed ignorance about English affairs, or made a false prophecy as to the course of events in England.

Mr. Arnold's foreign friends were so kind as not only to turn up the files of the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, for the sake of exposing their ignorance of foreign politics, but to undertake to show why Englishmen did not, and indeed could not, "comprehend the situation." They had, of course, a neat little theory much at the service of their English guest. He asked them whether our fathers and grandfathers, whom they admitted to have been "the foremost people in Europe," did not "comprehend the situation," and whether we did not comprehend it at least as well as they? The question, to a plain English mind, appears rather mysterious; but Mr. Arnold knows how to handle the foreigner just as Andrew Fairservice knew the Highlanders. "No man alive can cut up Donald better than himself." His foreign friends understood him at once. "Yes," replied my foreign friends, "they comprehended the situation, as they had it, a great deal better; their time was a time for energy, and they succeeded in it perfectly. Our time is a time for intelligence, and you are not succeeding in it at all." Our fathers and grandfathers destroyed Napoleon's attempt at European supremacy. After the peace, Scott and Byron established a literary influence. "We believed in you for a good while, but gradually it began to dawn upon us that the era for which you had the secret was over, and that a new era for which you had not the secret was beginning." The work of the old era was a work of force—the conquest of Napoleon; and, being then an aristocratic people, we did it. The work of the new era is "to make human life, hampered by a past which it has outgrown, natural and rational." In this our present Government does not shine, because it is a middle-class, and not an aristocratic, Government. The proof is that neither the Crimean war nor the Indian mutiny nor our Italian policy raised our reputation, whilst our Danish and our American policy lowered it. "You are losing the instinct which tells people how the world is going; you are beginning to make mistakes; you are falling out of the front rank." . . . "You bear with your whole weight on the intelligence of the middle class, and intelligence, in the true sense of the word, your middle class has absolutely none." If he had not been overpowered by the very

fact that he was talking to foreigners, Mr. Arnold might, we think, have answered with some plausibility—"Gentlemen, without being aware of it, you contradict yourselves in every sentence. We fail, you say, because the age is one for intelligence, and not for force. The proof lies in the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, our Italian, Danish, and American policy. If you insist on contrasting force and intelligence, were not all these matters, matters not of intelligence, but of force? Force, you tell us, is our forte, intelligence our foible, and the proof you give is that we fail in cases where force is required. Again, war was the problem of the last generation. The leading a natural and rational life is the problem of this generation. We fail, you say, in the second, as our fathers succeeded in the first. The proof of our failure in leading a rational life is the weakness of our military policy. Again, we were formerly an aristocratic power; now we are a middle-class power. Strength is the characteristic of an aristocracy. That, it seems, cannot be expected of us; but we ought to be intelligent, and the proof that we are not is that our military policy is not successful. We can have no brains, because we do not perform those feats of strength for which brains are not required, and which you yourselves say do not constitute the problem of the age. Pray, gentlemen, be consistent. Make up your minds as to what you really mean. If it is that we ought to lead a natural and rational life, let our military policy alone. If it is that we ought to perform feats of military prowess all over Europe, let our middle-class intelligence alone, and blame us for want of energy, not for unfitness for situations which require intelligence, and not energy." Mr. Arnold might have gone a little further, and might have observed that to distinguish between energy and intelligence is as difficult as to discover an age which requires only one of them. Intelligence is nothing else than intellectual energy, and energy in the management of affairs is nothing else than vigorous exertion of the mind upon those affairs. Suppose, however, that the two are distinct; what sense is there in saying that, in the days of the French Revolution, there was no necessity for intelligence, and that in our own there is no use in energy? To us it appears that in every age both intelligence and energy are absolutely indispensable conditions of every kind of success, but we are mere unclean animals. "He that is filthy let him be filthy still."

Nothing but a deep consciousness of this prevents us from developing a suggestion which presents itself upon reading the criticisms of Mr. Arnold's friends about the Indian mutiny. "Can you, with all your powers of self-satisfaction, suppose that your Indian mutiny raised you?" Purblind as we are, we can just fancy it possible that the history of the Indian mutiny may have suggested to one or two intelligent foreigners the reflection that it is as well to think twice before you bring the English nation to bay, and that those who sell the skin may find it rougher work than they expected to kill the bear. The Sepoys were not the only characters in history who had to learn by experience that it is possible to underrate even Englishmen.

Mr. Arnold did not think of these observations, but it did occur to him to quote to his foreign friends Mr. Lowe's speech upon Reform. "How," he asked, "can you deny the practical intelligence and good sense of the English middle classes when you remember that they elect the House of Commons, and when you think of all the improvements made by the House of Commons since the Reform Bill?" Well done, Mr. Arnold. Let us see what the intelligent foreigners replied to this argument. They admitted somewhat contemptuously the truth of the statement. "No doubt," they said, "your middle class found a great deal of commercial and social business waiting to be done which your aristocratic Governments had left undone and had no talents for doing." But "let us set claptrap on one side." "What is the modern problem? To make human life, the life of society all through, more natural and rational; to have the greatest possible number of one's nation happy." And then the foreign friends proceeded to show, in the teeth of their own admission, what poor stuff English reforms are, and what a wretched thing the life of the English middle classes is. As to English reforms we have this sweeping remark:—"You may have done, for you, much for religious toleration, social improvement, public instruction, municipal reform, law reform, but the French Revolution and its consequences have done upon the Continent a great deal more." "Do you suppose that we should tolerate in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, your London corporation and London vestries, and London as they make it?" "Such a spectacle as your Irish Church Establishment you cannot find in France or Germany. Your Irish land question you hardly dare to face. Stein settled as threatening a land question in Prussia." Mr. Arnold was overcrowded by all this. He says, "I am no arguer." The more's the pity. If he had been, he might have made a much better fight than he did. He might have said:—"When you want to make a powerful impression, do it by a good broad sweeping assertion about the French Revolution and the general excellence of Continental government. To discuss all the questions which such an assertion raises is obviously hardly possible, but still think of what may be said on the other side. If you are so perfectly well-governed, why are there so many wars and tumults? Why did the Italians, who would not endure our London vestries for an instant, find it necessary to go through a whole series of revolutions a very few years ago? Why have the French, who view the Irish Church with such intense and sublime disgust, propped up a certain Established Church in the centre of Italy by an armed force, which commenced operations by besieging and taking Rome,

and putting down the authorities chosen by the people? Why does Herr Bismarck treat the Prussian Parliament so haughtily? Why do the ablest of Frenchmen, men like De Tocqueville, write about the condition of their country like so many unhappy Jeremiahs? In one word, why is political freedom, as we understand and practise it, confined to a few small countries like Belgium and Switzerland? Give us at least some plausible answer to such obvious questions as these before you overwhelm us with your generalities about the French Revolution and the principles of 1789, which, after all, might have been marked, like the blankets in a lodging-house—“Stolen from America.” Something like this Mr. Arnold certainly appears to have said to his foreign friends; but his whole report of the controversy is pervaded by a touching modesty which invariably makes him look as if he had got the worst of the controversy, even when he had the best of it.

The chief weight of the attacks of his foreign friends upon our unfortunate selves, however, bore not so much on our politics as on our social life. “Are you a success with your middle classes?” they asked, in that pretty French-English which Mr. Arnold renders so happily. “They have the power now; what have they made of themselves? What sort of life is theirs? A life more natural, more rational, full of happiness, more enviable, therefore, than the life of the middle classes on the Continent?” There are, they added, “three factors” of a “natural, rational life satisfying the modern spirit”; that is to say, the growth of a love of industry, trade, and wealth, the growth of a love of the things of the mind, the growth of a love of beauty. The English middle classes have the first of these three factors to perfection, but they have no notion whatever of either intelligence or beauty. “Drugged with business, your middle class seems to have its sense blunted for any stimulus besides, except religion. It has a religion” (half a score he might have said), “narrow, unintelligent, repulsive.” “The religion of your middle class is the very lowest form of intelligent life that one can imagine as saving.” Even in heaven it appears Mr. Arnold will never forgive the English tradesman. He will smell of the shop in the midst of harps, crowns, and wings. “What other enjoyments have they? The newspapers, a sort of eating and drinking which are not to our taste, a literature of books almost entirely religious or semi-religious, books utterly unreadable by an educated class anywhere, but which your middle class consume, they say, by the hundred thousand; and in their evenings, for a great treat, a lecture on teetotalism or numeraries. Can any life be imagined more hideous, more dismal, more unenviable?” Mr. Arnold may rest his reputation on this. Noble disdain for all shopkeepers, past, present, and future—shopkeepers in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth—cannot well go much further. He curses them in their uprising and downlying, in their religion, in their literature, in their amusements, in their meals, in their families, in their society, in their want of society; and, in order to do so more effectually, he puts his curses into the mouths of a gang of foreign Balaams, who certainly do the work for which they were fetched more efficiently than their prototype.

Many questions suggest themselves to the mind on reading Mr. Arnold's vehement invectives against the middle classes. Who are the middle classes, and why does Mr. Arnold hate them so bitterly? Are inspectors of schools members of the middle class, or the ordinary run of professional men? Or is “middle class” only an elaborate name for small shopkeepers? Mr. Arnold vouchsafes one little gleam of information on such points, though even in that he runs into a curious confusion. He thought to himself, “As to our middle class, foreigners have no notion how much this class with us contains, how many shades and gradations in it there are, and how little what is said of one part of it will apply to another.” As this would have afforded a conclusive answer to the whole tirade of the “foreign friends,” Mr. Arnold of course did not say it, for if he had his paper would simply have shown how very little foreigners know about England. By referring to it, however, Mr. Arnold shows that he has adopted a form of composition which obliges him to give conclusive answers to what he wishes to represent as unanswerable arguments against himself, and to pretend that the answers are inconclusive. To affect to be beaten by a man of straw, who not only will not knock you down but cannot even stand on his own legs, is to repeat the misfortune of the little boy who made his right hand play at chess with his left, and, intending to give the right hand the victory, ended the game by a stalemate. Having thought, in his own mind, of the conclusive answer to the foreign friend, Mr. Arnold of course could only feebly hint at a very small part of it:—

Something of this sort I could not help urging aloud. “You do not know,” I said, “that there is broken off, as one may say, from the top of our middle class a large fragment which receive the best education the country can give, the same education as our aristocracy, which is perfectly intelligent, and which enjoys life perfectly. These men do the main part of our intellectual work, write all our best newspapers, and cleverer people, I assure you, are nowhere to be found.”

Some of these gentlemen, we rather think, are inspectors of schools, and Mr. Arnold is better qualified to describe their merits than to point out how ludicrously unlike the truth the description of the life of the rest of the middle classes is. To say that the intelligent foreigner's description of the English middle class does not fit that small section of it of which the writer knows the habits and feelings, is like desiring a person who abuses a pic-

ture-gallery, on the supposition that it contains only one picture, to take notice that there is one other picture to which his charges do not apply. The true answer is that the collection contains several thousand pictures, and that his remarks have but the very slightest possible bearing on any one of them. The “foreign friend,” however, is still too hard for Mr. Arnold. Even this middle-class *doré* does not satisfy his fastidious mind. “Clever enough, but they show not much intelligence in the true sense of the word ‘they do not believe in ideas.’” We are glad at last to be able to confront our foreign critic and his English admirer with positive evidence against his heresies. They do believe in 279 ideas on political subjects alone. Are they not written in the book of Mr. Charles Buxton?

It is hardly worth while to write seriously upon such a subject, and yet the greatness of the nation to which we belong is a topic on which the coldest of cold Englishmen can hardly write merely in the tone of banter, however trifling may be the occasion which leads him to treat of it. Amongst thirty millions of men and women there will of course be found a vast mass of dull, commonplace, stupid people, whose lives must look to bystanders, whether countrymen or not, drearier than they really are. If such persons are free, and accustomed as such to speak their minds on all sorts of subjects with perfect openness, they will no doubt talk a vast deal of nonsense, and lay themselves open to any quantity of criticism. There are, moreover, real faults in the English character, and some of them are in a rough way caricatured by Mr. Arnold's foreign friends; but if any one seriously doubts whether England is a great nation and is doing a great work in the world, let him look, not at the position which our country may hold for the time being in the opinion of foreign diplomatists, or at the phrases which happen to be fashionable in French or German society about our middle class (of which they know considerably less than they know about the feelings of polar bears and walruses), but at a few broad facts.

England is the only great European country which enjoys political freedom to its full extent, and has succeeded in reducing it to a practical shape. The prospects of political freedom all over Europe depend largely on its success and permanence in England.

England is the only great country in which the religious controversies of the day, controversies deeper and more important than those which caused the Reformation, have taken a practical form, and are likely to lead to definite practical results. What in France and Germany is confined to a small class of learned men is coming to be preached on the house-top in England to a people slow to be convinced, but apt to be much in earnest in acting on their convictions.

England governs with absolute power 150,000,000 of people in India. The English Government there is labouring honestly and vigorously to use its power for the good of those millions, and to lead them on to changes, political, moral, and religious, hardly exemplified before in the history of any part of the world.

England exercises a qualified and ill-defined supremacy over Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and various other places of less importance. These regions will be the homes of many millions of English people in another century, and their fortunes may be influenced most deeply, for good or evil, by English legislation and English thought.

Look well at these four facts, think what they mean, try for a moment to take their measure, and then ask whether it is worth while to give even a passing thought to the opinion which the Prussians may form of our attitude in the Danish question. Think, too, for a moment of the intense and varied energy with which millions of men are working out different bits of one or more of these vast problems. Remember that every ship loaded by the despised shopkeeper, every order taken by the vulgarised traveller, every article written in a penny paper, every vote given by a 10/- householder, goes to make up the vast whole which constitutes the action of England on the world; and if you still sneer at the general result, and still fail to see the lines of greatness and majesty through the dust and sweat and noise and turmoil which obscure what they develop, you despise human life itself. There are those who think otherwise, and who would prefer to grind in such a mill, ever so roughly, ever so coarsely, ever so meanly, all the days of their life, to the most aesthetic form of dawdling that could be invented by a joint committee from all the *cafés* and theatres between the Mediterranean and the Baltic.

SHORT CUTS.

A PROFESSOR at Heidelberg is said to have just offered a very handsome prize for the best essay which shall be sent in, showing how to remove despotic and unconstitutional Cabinets from office, without resorting to the barbarous method of a revolution. One thousand florins will reward the ingenious inventor of the most practicable solution of the problem, while the sagacious donor, whose proposal is made “in the interest of the science of the law,” will have the satisfaction, worth many thousand millions of florins, of knowing that he has been the means of promoting a discovery compared with which every other that has ever been made is valueless and clumsy. Many people will at once exclaim that such a notion is just what we expect from Professors, particularly German Professors. It never would occur to anybody but a professor that a bloodless moral siege might be laid to men like Bismarck, or Strafford, or Napoleon Bonaparte, which would constrain them to lay down their unconstitutional arms and

surrender at discretion. It is conjectured to be the business of this distinguished order to devise absurdities at which wiser men laugh. Grown-up practical people are amused by them, just as the robust and sound boys of a village divert themselves with the vagaries of the parish idiot. Yet, after all, it is not certain that the Heidelberg Don Quixote is so much sillier than the rest of mankind. He only wants to find out a short cut to a place which, as is visible enough to less eager people, can only be reached by a toilsome journey along the high road. We may think him a dreamy blockhead for supposing that there can be such a thing as a short road to the results of revolution without undergoing the turmoil and disturbance of revolution, just as we should if he offered his thousand florins for the best way of teaching little boys Latin without giving them the trouble of learning. It is barely possible that the Professor may be indulging in a very elaborate piece of humour. Perhaps we shall presently see announced that no essay was worthy of the prize, and that therefore the task of showing how a strong unconstitutional Cabinet can be deposed without a revolution is one to which all the essay-writers in Germany are incompetent. But most of us act on just the same principle in matters that interest us as keenly as the freedom of his country interests the German Professor, and in which to our neighbours we seem to be quite as foolish. To desire to possess, without being burdened with the trouble of acquiring, is as much a sign of weakness as to recognise that everything worth having is only to be got by paying its price is the prime secret of practical strength. A few seemingly lucky mortals get their penny for their hour's work, while the rest have had to bear the heat and burden of the day for it. This is obviously the exception, not the rule. And even here, the question of luck turns upon the comparative pleasure of standing idle all day about the market-place, or spending the time in honest work. Perhaps the men who enjoy both the penny and the labour are better off, if they only knew their own good, than the men who have the penny only and lose the labour. At all events, the temper of modern times is altogether in this direction. But, be the delight in labour ever so vigorous, it is always less strong than the delight in the successful results of labour. One may very distinctly prefer industry to indolence, the healthful exercise of all one's faculties to allowing them to rest unused in drowsy torpor. In the long run, we shall probably find that the exercise of the faculties has of itself been the source of a more genuine happiness than has followed the actual attainment of what the exercise was directed to procure. Still, when a man looks either backward or forward upon his life, he is accustomed to measure its success in the one case by the specific ends which he has achieved, and in the other by those which he hopes to achieve. The spaces between, which are of more real moment, he is most concerned to make as short as possible. It does not produce any difference in his zeal in getting over the ground to know that, as soon as the next point is reached, he will only have the sooner to commence another and another stage. He loses three-fourths of the pleasure of the journey through a headlong anxiety to get safely to the end of it.

Unfortunately, there are also a great many stages which only the very grandest of philosophers can bring themselves to look upon as anything but grievous and wearisome. In fact, whenever the object is one that is desired with sufficient eagerness, the path that we have to traverse before reaching it is sure to seem never-ending, and beset with thorns and stony places. And as most people desire something very strongly which is not immediately within their reach, most people know what it is to see one of these long, straight, dusty, unshaded pieces of road in front of them, and to yearn for a shorter cut. One of the most important of the many differences between wise men and fools is that the one put no trust in short cuts, while the other are continually wasting time and hope and energy in trying to find them, and then in floundering back into the main road again, to see the wise man ever so many miles ahead of them. And of all the short cuts by which it is proposed to avoid the inevitable, none is so popular, or so delusive either, as that in which the Heidelberg Professor advertises his belief—the conviction that we are sure to arrive safely and easily at the end of the journey if we will only talk and write perseveringly enough. We shall get all we want if we write prize essays, or, supposing we cannot write them, if we diligently read them. Observe, all this does not mean that we are to wile the tedium of the way with talk, but that talk is to be our single motive-power. Suppose a man has allowed a number of bad habits to get the mastery over him, as Count Bismarck has got the mastery over Germany, if he is of the professorial temperament he will shudder at the thought of dispelling his tyrants by setting a violent moral revolution on foot within his own mind. He wants a more comfortable method, and he would gladly give a thousand florins, or any other sum, to some ingenuous person who could instruct him in the delightful art of exterminating vices without pain or confusion. The idea of recovering moral freedom by a courteous, gentle, sympathetic treatment of one's self is not at all more chimerical than the dream of recovering political freedom by polite suasion and prize essays. There is some novelty in the introduction of this idea into public affairs. Among individuals it is perhaps as old as the race. It is natural that people should shrink from what is painful, and we cannot reasonably expect a man to admit with cheerful alacrity that the disorder from which he knows himself to be suffering can only be successfully dealt with by means of knife and cautery. He prefers to delude himself with the hope that a few doses

of not too unpleasant physic will work as complete a cure as he stands in need of. In the case of bodily ills, this playing the fool with himself is sure to come pretty speedily to its end. The body revenges itself for all these cheats that are attempted to be put upon it with swift and visible vengeance. But the more perseveringly and audaciously a man cajoles his moral sight, the more tricks he plays with his own self-respect, the less sensible does he become to the mischief that he is breeding within himself, and the more facile a prey to renewed cajoleries and more infatuated deceptions. He thinks he has found a short and easy method of attaining virtue and highmindedness, when in truth he is only sinking more and more inextricably into their opposites. This is the sure fate of everybody who declines to face the toils and burden of the road, who, finding himself enslaved by follies or vices, and preserving enough moral sense to recognise that the true goal is wisdom and virtue, yet dreads to encounter the strangeness and the roughness and the unwelcome hardness of a new set of habits.

Some men flatter themselves that they have an uncommon eye for moral country. They admit that in seeking for happiness by self-indulgence they have somehow gone wrong, and got no nearer to the desired end. But they will not listen to a suggestion that they should return, with what force is left them, into the neighbourhood of the beaten track, and they stubbornly refuse to recognise that they have got themselves into a moral *cul-de-sac*. Insisting that they discern this or that way out of the maze, they only get from one alley to find themselves fast enclosed in another. The silver thread of self-denial which would conduct them back into the path is unobserved, while their feet wander at random wherever an uncontrolled inclination leads them. In spite of the wretchedness which this, for a time, may entail, they take heart of grace, and even while convinced that they have irrecoverably lost their way, they still prefer the snugness of their *cul-de-sac* to the frowzy career of the Puritan or the hide-bound moral pedant. Fortunately, this is not the true alternative. But even those whom weakness of will, or a too great eagerness to reach by a short cut what is only attainable by prolonged plodding, or a radical misconception not only of the way to happiness but of its very nature, has led into straits and shallows, are not even there free from the tendency to Pharisaism which is so strong in every sort and condition of men. There is such a thing as a kind of inverted Pharisaism, and it is no paradox to say that there are sinners and publicans in abundance who constantly thank Heaven that they are not as other men are—meaning, by other men, the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

Besides the self-indulgent temper which leads men to take what with unsuitable subtlety they think a short cut to happiness generally, there is a certain sort of impetuosity which impels others to go through life seeking each particular object they desire on the same principle. They are concerned with ends only, and are indifferent about the means, even comprising in that indifference what to others are not only means but ends at the same time. Provided a thing be done, the shorter and more expeditious the way of doing it the better for everybody interested. In an age which chiefly prides itself on the speed of its locomotives, on the rapidity of its telegraphic communication, on the arrangements which permit you to sup in London and breakfast in Edinburgh the next morning, there is nothing surprising in the prevalence of such a way of looking at the affairs of life in general. The extension of business principles to matters that belong to a different sphere may be illogical, but it is not unnatural. The immoderate haste, the matter-of-fact fashions of the business world, cannot but infect the world outside. In the transaction of affairs, despatch, promptitude, straightforward unadorned speech, are the most useful qualities. The shortest cut is always the best. But in the general conduct of life this haste to get to the end prevents you from seeing all the finer sights on the road. Unremitting thought how you may shorten the way from here to yonder leaves no liberty for harbouring the richer thoughts which would flow in from every side to the man who had a mind to make the best of his life's course as it went on. The notion that, if a thing is to be done at all, "then 'twere well 'twere done quickly," admirable as it may be on the Exchange, rubs the delicacy and bloom off life when it is made the ruling maxim in all other relations and positions. A leisurely life, with time for contemplation, and for watching and examining all that we pass, is a much more enviable and rational lot than a swift rushing from one goal to another, from one sort of fame or power or opulence to another and more remote. Nothing can involve a much greater waste of life than a passion for the shortest cut, whether it be to obtain something agreeable or to escape what is disagreeable.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE stars in their courses have been fighting against Her Majesty's Government. Ministers have abundant reason for complaining that the cattle plague should have taken that very provoking opportunity of disturbing the general serenity just when the long vacation was setting in, and the Home Secretary was preparing for his annual revivation. The Elections were bad enough to spoil the year's siesta; but why should the rinderpest add to the unavoidable bore? The Premier, too—why should he die when he was most wanted? The great Minister, who had given the

last week of his life to "composing a lucid memoir on the scientific aspect of the question," had no right to succumb to his more than eighty years when his colleagues were so anxious to leave not only the scientific, but the practical, aspect of it in his able hands. The Government has been most unfairly treated. There has been a combination against it. Even Providence has once more taken the Tory side; and Sir George Grey, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury's statement, has resolved to be even with Providence. He will not allow a Day of Fasting and Prayer for the mitigation of the cattle plague, perhaps from a secret consciousness that its present frightful ravages are due to influences less mysterious and occult than the judgments of heaven. Here, perhaps, he is right. He has at any rate escaped the application to himself of Hercules' taunt to the Carter. It would, indeed, be a mockery in the Home Secretary to sanction a public depreciation of the Divine wrath as displayed in a visitation the worst effects of which he could so easily trace to his own supineness. Even now he appears scarcely to understand that the cattle plague is a national concern. If the Primate has reported the Home Secretary correctly, he still labours under the sleepy delusion that it is not a national concern. "National fasts," Sir George Grey is reported to have said, "are only held in the event of calamities that affect the whole nation; whereas the cattle plague is as yet only partial." We may well feel anxious about next Monday's Bill, when this comatos condition of the Ministerial mind still prevails in Downing Street. The speakers on the first night of the debate on the Address could not have found a more complete vindication of their charge against the Government than Sir George Grey has himself furnished. The cattle plague is not a calamity that affects the whole nation.

What is it then? A very interesting subject of scientific inquiry. Professor Simonds and, so we are told by Lord Granville, the late Lord Palmerston got as far as this; and they no doubt satisfied themselves, and would have satisfied the Home Secretary if he had in August turned his mind to the question, that it was a disease indigenous in Russia, and that it was highly contagious. Whether, when the Royal Commission was appointed, it was for the purpose of ascertaining the origin of the disease—matter which everybody who was at the trouble of inquiring knew, and which, if known, was of no practical importance in the emergency—is not clear. But, judging from the sequel, the appointment of the Commission was only the first official device for staving off responsibility. The Commissioners reported, and, though on a minor point they were divided, on the main issue they were unanimous. Their recommendation, stripped of verbiage, was that one uniform and coercive mode of dealing with the plague was necessary. That mode was, to stop the transit of cattle, and of course it followed that the Government must enforce this regulation; which was precisely what the Government did not do. Two phantoms forbade this. The one was the fear of interfering with local jurisdiction; the other was the favour with which of late years the Home Office has looked to permissive legislation. This modern invention of permissive legislation is as nearly as possible a contradiction in terms. The function of law is, not to allow a man to do what is right; but, if the legislator has satisfied himself that a thing is right, and for the public good, to make him do it. We have had permissive legislation enough, and in every instance it has failed. Corporations may, if they like, introduce sanitary improvements, smoke bills, drainage bills, health regulations, water supply, and so on. But if they do not like it, they may leave it undone. All that you can expect from a law-giver is a gracious and serene permission to do right, when right is acceptable; and to do wrong so long as wrong seems preferable. This is what permissive legislation means; and in their treatment of the cattle plague the Government proceeded upon these two mischievous shams—polite deference to local authority, and a full and entire recognition of the principle of permissive legislation. Orders in Council followed one another, according to everybody full license and liberty to do as he pleased. Petty sessions, quarter sessions, town councils, borough magistrates—they might prohibit fairs, and close markets, and regulate the transit of cattle if they liked, or if they could find public opinion to support them; if not, not. To interfere with the railways or with port regulations, this was beyond the province of the law; or to do anything which might offend the tanning interest, or the dung market, would be a dislocation of commercial confidence very prejudicial to the interests of the general trading community. So things must take their course. And they have taken their course—a course of which the terrible consequences must, humanly speaking, visit every household in England. And all this we owe to our blind reverence for those *idola specie*—the fear of centralization and the love of permissive legislation.

No doubt national emergencies are trying things. It is only now and then that you want a single day of blind old Dandolo. It is quite true, as Lord Granville plaintively observed, England is not France; nor are we desirous that we should have préfets and sous-préfets of Imperial nomination. Nor again, as his Lordship continued to observe, is England Prussia. Few would mistake Sir George Grey for a Bismarck. But, as Lord Cranborne observed, England might be even as Belgium is; and even Lord Granville himself seems to have been struck with the fact that Aberdeenshire is, after all, within the four seas. "It is quite curious to see how nine or ten gentlemen took upon themselves to subscribe the necessary funds,

and, by purchasing and killing the diseased cattle, *entirely to stamp out the disease*." Quite curious, as his Lordship observes. The spectacle of energy, public spirit, a strong will, and thorough earnestness only presents itself to the Minister as something "quite curious." That the rinderpest should have been actually stamped out by nine or ten gentlemen is a psychological phenomenon of the highest interest to Her Majesty's Government, but nothing more. We are disposed to invert Lord Granville's meditation, and to observe that there is something else "quite curious." It is, we might say, "quite curious" to see nine or ten noblemen and gentlemen invested with the highest honours and responsibilities of the State, versed in the long experience of official life, and with a whole nation, in this matter freed from party purposes, unable or unwilling even to attempt to do what these nine or ten Scotch nobodies have done with scarcely any trouble at all. Seven months of opportunity, with all England imploring to be helped, and the Queen's Government at the end of those seven months standing to gaze at the surprising spectacle of a decided success in a single Scotch shire! On merely polemical grounds the Opposition were right in delivering their assault on the weakest part of the Government lines; but for other than polemical and political reasons we have all to deplore that Ministers have presented a front so vulnerable. We may have little sympathy with the outspoken Duke who adopts the bucolic sentiment that, if we cannot get rid of the rinderpest, we may compromise the loss by getting rid of the Ministry; but it is hardly with any reassuring feelings that we look for the Government measure. As far as the obscure utterances of Sir George Grey are intelligible, there appears to be no intention on the part of Government to assume a central and paramount authority. Their melancholy justification, the justification of despair, may perhaps be found by some in the fact that it is too late for any authority to cope with the evil. We do not believe that it is so, but to offer such a justification for Sir George Grey amounts to an admission that he has been found guilty of something like criminal imbecility as to the past. Short of the sponge applied to all the jealous, conflicting, irresolute, and insincere local authorities, nothing will satisfy the country. Many doubt whether if even this is done, and if we begin now to do what we ought to have done months ago, any good can come of it. We do not so despair. Energy, courage, activity, and earnestness will yet accomplish much. But the merest attempt to redeem the past will be hailed with satisfaction even by those least hopeful for the future. The Government will find no party opposition to an assumption of dictatorship, however tardy. No doubt it will be a bitter pill to Sir George Grey to be forced at this eleventh hour to do that which the mere fact of its being done at all proves ought to have been done before. But he must either do this or perish. We perhaps, as well as the present Home Secretary, know that his shoulders are not exactly Atlantean; but he must submit to the burden even if it crushes him. A camel who dislikes being loaded may, after all, kneel, if he understands that there is the alternative of being turned out to starve. So let the Home Secretary take courage and meet his destiny. A wry face more or less can be got over; and if he declines this salutary dose he will have to swallow a bitterer, because his last.

SMALL COMFORT FOR SMALL INCOMES.

A BENEVOLENT lady has recently published a little book with the attractive and exhilarating title of *Comfort for Small Incomes*. The association of these two ideas, between which in real life there is usually such a deep gulf fixed, is in itself a novelty that betokens a writer of an original and ingenious mind. But, as all philosophers since Locke have insisted, we should make it our first business in every case to obtain a clear and precise notion of what we mean by our terms. What do we really understand by a small income? And what is comfort? To each of these questions, we suspect, there are very nearly as many answers as there are men and women in the world. There is probably nobody who does not look upon his income as small. However ample it may seem to those who have less, it is certain not to be large enough to compass every imaginable desire of its possessor. To a great many people a thousand a year is a small income, but to a much larger number it is as the revenue of a millionaire. It is plain, however, that the lady who thus comes forward with glad tidings has an eye to incomes about whose smallness there is not likely to be any dispute. A young doctor, with a wife and a continually increasing number of babies, and no practice to speak of, and no independent means, is clearly in need of whatever comfort he can get. But this brings us to consider the authoress's conception of comfort, and her sense of comfort is one which requires a good deal of consideration before we can quite cheerfully accept it as an exhaustive account of that much abused term. For instance, dinner is a crucial test of the housewife's notion of comfort. Of course, cleanliness is the prime element; only everybody pretends to seek this, whether sincerely or otherwise. But dinner is one of those things which leave room for originality of conception, so it is in this point that we may best examine the message of peace which this apostle of comfort is eager to bring to pinched households. Allen, who in the apologue before us—for such is the shape into which the lady has thrown the results of her philosophy—occupies the position given to Christian in the more famous allegory of the

Pilgrim's Progress, "could rarely dine at our regular time; he could never say when he would be at home." The regular time, it would appear from this, was something beyond control, like the rising and setting of the sun, which fixed itself on eternal and immutable principles. The convenience of the head of the family counts for nothing in settling the regular time, which depends principally, we believe, among people of this sort, upon the custom of the street or the village in which they happen to live. If their neighbours dine at half-past one, this is the "regular time," and the man who ventures to propose any alteration does so, as was the case among the ancients, with a halter round his neck. However, the heroine of the fable "did not grumble." The magnanimity of not grumbling because she chose to have dinner at an hour at which her husband could never be at home without neglecting his patients is obvious, and will no doubt make an impression upon those ladies who not only fix an impracticable dinner-hour, but grumble at the helpless absentee as well. The pilgrim through the Valley of the Shadow of Small Incomes was fortunate. "His dinner of meat, potatoes, and gravy was arranged in a soup-plate, and covered; other vegetables in a second plate, also covered; and both were kept hot over two saucepans of nearly boiling water, so that not an instant was lost in serving when it was needed." With a candour that is refreshing after this dismal description, the writer admits, "I do not say that the dinner had all the fresh flavour which belongs to one eaten at the right time, but habit made the loss unperceived." This concession sheds a flood of light upon what the authoress means by comfort. It is not exactly comfort, but the endurance of discomfort until you have ceased to know the difference. The pilgrim is not to have a comfortable dinner, but to go on eating tepid platefuls of sodden meat and potatoes for a certain number of years, at the end of which he will suddenly awake to the consciousness that he really finds this arrangement incomparably more delightful than any other. There is a splendid philosophy in all this, only it is not what one expected. To teach the eager disciple with limited means that if he will only eat his dinner like a pig long enough he will eventually find himself quite as well pleased as if he had been eating it like a Christian all the time, may be a very useful lesson. But the lady is professing to inculcate the gospel of comfort, and to point out the path which leads to that desirable haven; and it seems droll to tell us that we can only be comfortable by systematizing discomfort. To a man with a serious mind and the usual digestive apparatus there is something tragic in contemplating the state of things which is thus delusively styled comfort. The social and physiological fallacies involved in it are of the gravest, and the worst of it is that the amiable heroine of the fable is not a bit more infatuated in her ideas than vast numbers of people to be met with in real life. As a doctor, the wretched Allen should have been aware that to take your chief meal anyhow, at one o'clock one day and six the next, is a gross outrage upon the stomach, which that organ will vigorously resent. All authorities are agreed that the stomach expects its food at a fixed hour, and that what it receives capriciously it will digest capriciously too. As a doctor, also, the unhappy victim of the experiment how to get comfort when you have not money enough to pay for it might have known that sodden, tepid meat, even if, as the authoress thinks, it is a wonderfully comfortable thing, is at the same time a horribly indigestible and innutritious thing. Sodden beef may possibly cheer, and it will certainly not inebriate, a hungry mortal; but it will assuredly stir up internal rebellion, and, after a wretched life, will drag him down to a premature grave. It may happen to the best of men to dine occasionally at an unusual time, but the idea of making the usual time an hour at which he could scarcely ever be present, in order that he might be made comfortable by little lukewarm snacks at all imaginable hours, could only have entered the mind of a fanatical experimentalist.

The only positive conclusion which a plain man can draw from this lady's story is that, on the whole, it is much better to do without comfort; and if the plain man be not already married, he will probably resolve that a wife is not likely to assist him materially in this abstinence. Apart from the dismal parody of dinner which, as has been seen, she will entail upon him, he will have to suffer fearful things by means of servants. In the present case, the only wonder is how the heroine ever survived to tell the tale. What with black beetles, and followers, and impertinence, life was a sad burden to her, until by dint of patience and perseverance she had successfully trained up one Keziah in the way she should go. Keziah learnt to perfection the grand lessons that carrots ought to be "grated not the long way, but the short way," that fat spoils all cookery, that hares ought to be skinned not plucked, and that there is a time for everything. The most delightful trait of all in Keziah's conduct was that "she became a very regular attendant in the afternoon service." Unluckily, in the winter she endeavoured to attend "in" the evening service as well. From this moment she was seized with "an infirmity of temper, coupled with loss of memory, which seemed irremediable." One can easily understand how excessive church-going would breed an infirmity of temper; but Keziah was also "much in her own room at unseasonable times," which the evening service in itself scarcely explains. It proved that she had a lover, and so of course there was no more comfort with her. The troubles of the small income began again. But the devoted wife took them in a new spirit. There were two things on which she always relied as helps in getting over her domestic troubles. "One was, to cast every trouble upon One whose care is ever over us;

the other was, to get away from home for a few hours." It scarcely seems necessary to appeal for the divine grace in dealing with a black beetle, or a cook with a follower; but the heroine was in rather an exalted mood. Her "mind was now held fast by the words, 'and make us ministering spirits.'" After much pondering on this, "one thought led on to another, till it occurred to me that each of us could be a ministering spirit—at least, the helpers of each other—whether we instructed the ignorant, clothed and fed the needy, or consoled the afflicted, and that this was the work more especially appointed for women to do." And so on, until the lady had persuaded herself that "a halo surrounded her future work; what I had taught Keziah I could teach others." Even in spite of the halo, her heart sank within her as she thought of the trouble she had taken with Keziah. But fortunately "an old gentleman, with the most benevolent countenance she had ever seen," overheard her murmurings in a railway carriage, and with remarkable promptitude he assured her, "The work is placed before you by your Creator; take it up, and fight the good fight manfully." In the waiting-room of the station, the texts that were hung up conveyed fresh comfort to her sad heart; but this peaceful calm was almost instantly dispelled by the dinner which was served at her friend's house. "The veal cutlet came up one immense piece, white and leathery-looking; the potatoes were all of a bluish tinge, some positively blue; and the greens the colour of seaweed, and equally as tough." It must have required all her confidence in the old gentleman with the most benevolent countenance in the world, and in the Scripture texts, to enable her to recognise without impatience that she had deliberately adopted, as the maxim of her life, the task of teaching a long series of cooks to send up no more leathery veal nor blue potatoes. Here the apostrophe ends. The noble-minded heroine is left eying, with horror and hopefulness combined, the baleful cutlets. The situation is even more truly appalling than the scene on which the curtain falls in *Hamlet*. There we leave all the people in whom we have been excited to take an interest, stretched lifeless on the stage. We know the worst, and death after all is not the fiercest ill that befalls mankind. At the present moment the heroic Allen, whose tragic fortune we have followed with unflagging interest, is, for aught that can be known, hastily swallowing his tepid morsel. By this time his digestion must be utterly ruined, his temper permanently soured, his professional prospects blasted. But then he has the unspeakable delight of knowing that his wife is "a ministering spirit," and that she has trained up more servants for the benefit of people with large incomes than any other woman of her age. Her mind, meanwhile, finds ample room for exercise and development in preventing "waste of candles, soap, coals, and cinders." For these are the only matters really worth thinking about, and constitute that tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

If a man with only two hundred pounds a year, the sum of which the authoress is speaking, wishes to be comfortable on it, and is married, he knows that his wife must be a drudge, with her mind always engrossed by the meanest and most pitiful objects, while his children are little above the young barbarians at play. But a wise man shrinks from the prospect of this eternal squalor, and pinching, and minute investigation of bones and cinders. He shrinks from taking a drudge for a companion, and from bringing a brood of barbarians into the world. The only possible way of getting even a fragment of comfort out of a really small income, which you know no means of converting into a large one, is to take care not to have too many persons dependent upon it.

THE BLUE-BOOK ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

IT is not often that a Blue-book is published which contains so useful and interesting a mass of evidence as that which has been the result of the labours of the Capital Punishment Commission. The Commissioners, in their Report, have chiefly dwelt on matters which may be said, comparatively speaking, to be matters of detail. In their reception of evidence they have not limited themselves as strictly, and it is this apparent latitude which makes their Blue-book even more valuable and important than their Report. They offer no suggestions on the great question of the legal definition of insanity, and the variance that certainly exists between insanity as the law defines it and as doctors use the term; nor do they feel competent to deal with the question of a Final Court of Appeal in criminal cases, or with the manner in which the Crown should exercise its prerogative of mercy. But, above all, they "forbear to enter into the abstract question" of the expediency of abolishing or maintaining capital punishment. Fortunately, the evidence given in the Blue-book enters into this abstract question, and enters into it very largely. And we must take leave altogether to demur to the propriety of terming such a question an abstract one. It surely is a practical question enough in all conscience. Besides its theoretical or philosophical or theological aspect, it depends as much as anything else on induction and observation, and no question can be called abstract which lies at the very root of the administration of English criminal justice. Moreover, with this question their letters patent expressly direct them to deal. They are to inquire into the provisions and operation of the laws now in force under and by virtue of which the punishment of death may be inflicted

upon persons convicted of certain crimes. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the Commissioners as a body have not formulated an opinion on a subject that was within their jurisdiction, and which was examined by them at great length and with evident care. A minority of their body have not been so silent. A protest is appended to the Report, signed by four members, which decidedly recommends the abolition of capital punishment. Lest undue weight should attach to this manifestation, it is as well briefly to state who those four members are. The first is Dr. Lushington; but for the last thirty years this eminent lawyer has been a consistent opponent of capital punishment, and we notice his name among the subscribers to the Society for the Abolition of the Punishment of Death. Dr. Lushington, therefore, entered the Commission with a preconceived view, and his judgment cannot be regarded as having been formed strictly upon the evidence taken before it. The other three protesters are Mr. Bright, Mr. Neate, and Mr. Ewart. On turning to the papers of the Abolition Society we find that all these three gentlemen are actually members of the Committee. They have emerged from the Commission with the same opinion as they had when they entered it, and that is all that can be said in favour of their protest. We are, therefore, driven back upon the Blue-book itself, if we wish to discover the real weight and bearing of the evidence both for and against capital punishment; and are obliged to form for ourselves that reasonable judgment as to its balance and effect which the Commissioners, in the discharge of their duty, might have been expected to provide for us.

Among the witnesses examined, the advocates of abolition were fully and sufficiently represented. We are glad to see that this fact, at all events, is admitted with perfect frankness by the Society itself in its annual Report. In reviewing the list of those who, in their evidence, adopted the Society's view, we cannot but be struck with its weakness. Not a single English judge, except Mr. Justice Shee, who is by no means an extreme abolitionist, could be found to sanction the theory that the abolition of the capital penalty would be otherwise than prejudicial to society. One or two detached philanthropists, an occasional governor or chaplain of a gaol, two or three successful lawyers, an ex-sheriff, and some professed partisans make up the array. On the other side are Lord Cranworth, Lord Wensleydale, Barons Bramwell and Martin, Justices Wiles, Keating, Byles, Mellor, Blackburn, all the Scotch judges, the Chief Justice of New South Wales, Chief Justice Lefroy, Barons Fitzgerald and Deasy, Justices Hayes and Hughes, and we believe other judges still more exalted in station, whose opinions, though not pronounced on the present occasion, have been pronounced officially before; the Governor of Portland, the Ordinary of Newgate, Colonel Henderson, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Inspectors Tanner and Kettle, and, last of all, the tender-hearted Sir George Grey. And, in striking the balance, we must remember that the abolitionists enjoyed the advantage of possessing an active missionary organization. It is to be presumed that they have taken good care to bring before the Commission every single distinguished man who embraces their view. No English judge or statesman who knows anything about the subject, and who is in favour of abolition, is likely to have been allowed to hide his light under a bushel. Those accordingly who have come forward to urge a change must be taken to be exceptional instances of learned or eminent men dissenting from the rest of their companions. In every case each one of them is overweighted by testimony from men in his own line who have had the same opportunities as himself of judging, and who have arrived at precisely an opposite conviction.

The foremost of the abolitionists is doubtless Sir Fitzroy Kelly, whose remarks must be taken subject to the criticism that he is a subscriber to the Abolition Society. Sir Fitzroy Kelly enjoys the privilege of being frequently put in the front of the battle by Social Science Congresses and Law Amendment Societies and Malt-tax Leagues and other knots of well-meaning busybodies. With the utmost respect for his abilities, it is only proper to add that his views on matters of Law Reform are not universally acknowledged by the profession to which he belongs, and of which he is an ornament. He is not, properly speaking, a great criminal lawyer, though he may be admitted, in the course of a long and brilliant career, to have been frequently brought into contact or collision with the administration of criminal justice. His arguments against the punishment of death may be briefly epitomized. In the first place, he thinks that capital punishment is from time to time the cause of innocent men being put to death. In the second place, he holds that it has no substantial effect in deterring from the commission of crime. If Sir Fitzroy could succeed in establishing these two positions, his inference would certainly be very powerful, if not altogether irresistible; but we are bound to say that in our opinion he fails signally to establish either of them. In support of the first, he falls back upon the indisputable *a priori* theory, that human justice being fallible, accidents and mistakes may occur. This, of course, nobody denies; but, after all, the admission is worth very little. What we want to learn is, whether, as a fact, innocent men ever are executed, not whether they might conceivably suffer if judge and jury went altogether wrong. And upon the question of fact and practice, Sir Fitzroy is exceedingly weak. He quotes the assertion of Mr. Phillips, that between 1802 and 1840 seven innocent people were put to death; and he lays stress in particular on the case of Chalker, who was hung in 1836 for the murder of a gamekeeper, of which another man subsequently confessed himself to be guilty. Since that date, Sir Fitzroy

has not a single instance to adduce of an error in the administration of the law by which the innocent have been irreparably injured. Now the Prisoners' Counsel Act was passed in 1836, and came into operation after Chalker's execution. The effect of the Act is to revolutionize the system on which prisoners are defended, and to give them the opportunity of being heard by counsel. Sir Fitzroy's cases of injustice all, accordingly, occurred under an obsolete state of things. If in the last thirty years Sir Fitzroy cannot point to any case like Chalker's, the strong presumption is that such blunders do not and cannot happen now. As to the deterrent influence of capital punishment, Sir Fitzroy can scarcely be considered as anything better than a theorist. He knows but little of the lower classes, and has had nothing to bring him into close relations with convicts and with ruffians. And one question put to him on this head seems absolutely to have routed him, as, indeed, it floored successively almost every witness in favour of abolition to whom it was addressed. Supposing capital punishment to be abolished, and that a murderer condemned under the new system to perpetual imprisonment committed a fresh murder on his warder, while under confinement. Sir Fitzroy was asked what further could be done to him. His reply was, that you could do no more. He would erect safeguards for the protection of those who had the custody of *ci-devant* murderers; but what safeguard could possibly be devised, except an iron cage, he failed completely to explain. We shall see presently the evidence on this subject of those who have had to deal with ferocious convicts, and who refute Sir Fitzroy's humane ideas by the weight of their own experience. In the meanwhile it is instructive to observe that Sir Fitzroy, so far from establishing the two positions which are, by the hypothesis, necessary to his case, unwillingly, and in despite of himself, by his inability to grapple with the real kernel of the matter, has proved the case of those who differ from him.

Mr. Denman, Q.C., naturally deserves to follow Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for Mr. Justice Shee's letter, in which he briefly avows himself a believer in the reasons against capital punishment urged in Mittermaier's work, is scarcely an authority on either of the two points raised by Sir Fitzroy. And Mr. Denman's high personal character and position give him a claim to be heard with attention and respect. His objections are of a different stamp. He thinks that the institution of capital punishment occasionally prevents juries from convicting the guilty, and he adduces several instances that substantiate to a certain extent the assertion. It is true that his experience differs from the experience of others, but his experience is worth something. And he further believes that the interest attached to hanging creates a morbid inclination among the lower orders to commit murder. It is exceedingly possible that stupid or timid or unconscientious juries may be guilty of the leniency which Mr. Denman, perhaps too sweepingly, attributes to them; but we do not feel that this is much of an argument against hanging, though it may be a reason for altering the law about the jury panel. On the contrary, it may be regarded as an admission that, to the minds of the class from which common jurors are drawn, hanging does seem a far more awful penalty than imprisonment for life; and it a little detracts from Mr. Denman's second assertion, that hanging excites weak people to imitate the offence for which that penalty is inflicted. For every morbid man who is fascinated by the sight of a gallows into a desire to deserve the gallows, there are probably hundreds of sane persons who are fascinated exactly in an opposite direction. But the chief use we propose to make of Mr. Denman is to call him as a witness to disprove Sir Fitzroy's unsubstantiated assertion that innocent men are executed from time to time. In one respect, Mr. Denman speaks as a witness of experience and observation. For some years he made a point of attending and taking notes at every trial for murder that took place on the Home Circuit, and he has continued this practice, whenever he has been able to do so, throughout twenty years. This being so, one of his answers in reply to a question by Mr. Waddington is really significant:—

MR. WADDINGTON. Have you ever known a person convicted of murder whom you thought innocent?

MR. DENMAN. Never.

Sir Fitzroy's conclusion is, therefore, repudiated by one of his principal supporters as we shall see hereafter that it is totally disproved by all who are familiar with the subject. And we cannot think, provided innocent victims do not suffer, that Englishmen will be induced to alter the present state of the law because under it guilty people may escape. Sir Fitzroy and Mr. Denman may therefore be left, metaphorically speaking, to cut each other's throats. The one is alarmed because, with capital punishment, innocent men are hung. Innocent men never are hung, says Mr. Denman, but, unhappily, some people are not hung that should be. When the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment have settled among themselves which horse they mean to ride, they will have more chance of convincing impartial bystanders. But they should make up their minds upon the point, and not come before the public with two lines of argument that are simply destructive of each other. Mr. Denman goes on to observe, with incomparable gravity, "that he has never seen any case in which it has been brought to his mind, by evidence or observation, that a man who intends to commit, or is on the brink of committing, murder appears to have been prevented from committing the murder by the thought of capital punishment." If would-be murderers were in the habit of communicating largely with Mr. Denman as to the pros and cons in favour of or against their projected misdeeds, and entering into discussion as to the balance of motives that, on the

whole, decided them to abstain from poisoning or stabbing their fellow-creatures, Mr. Denman's observation would merit attention. As it is, we may be pardoned for passing it lightly by. The effect on would-be murderers can only be vaguely guessed at by the effect upon murderers themselves, and on the general public. Every one who has ever witnessed a capital trial cannot but be struck with the intense emotion displayed on the occasion by all in court. "I am not sure," observes Mr. Baron Martin, "that I ever in my life heard a more solemn proceeding than when the late Mr. Sidney Gurney used to call upon people convicted of murder. There is no other sentence pronounced that has at all the same effect upon the bystanders as the sentence of death." Condemned murderers are often impassive, but the efforts made by themselves and their friends to avert the fatal sentence cannot be mistaken. And, if men mind being hung more than they mind being shut up in gaol, the irresistible conclusion is that being hung is popularly looked upon as a more disagreeable punishment.

Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Lawson, Attorney-General for Ireland, are the last of the legal quartet who are launched by the Society at the heads of the Commission. Mr. Parry is a fair and intelligent witness, and his opinion, that juries hesitate often to convict because of the penalty that follows on conviction, is entitled to some weight. If the fact were not so, Mr. Parry and the Abolitionists would indeed have a stronger case. If juries did not dislike sending human beings to the gallows, it would prove that the gallows had lost their terror; and, whenever the time comes that the gallows cease to frighten, the time for abolishing capital punishment will be near at hand. Mr. Parry certainly asserts that the horror of hanging which operates on juries does not operate on would-be murderers. But this is a gratuitous and absolutely groundless assumption. The probability is all the other way. And Mr. Parry himself puts forward on his side an argument that really tells most seriously against him. In his opinion, murderers do not, as a rule, come from among the criminal classes. When we come to the evidence of Inspector Tanner, we shall see that this is because the criminal classes, with all their recklessness, retain one fear—the fear of being hung. But if so, murderers come from a better class, and it is precisely a better class than that of the ordinary criminal which may be expected to entertain the greatest horror of a degrading public death. Mr. Parry goes on to add that, as a fact, the calculation of the punishment does not enter into the mind of a murderer when he is committing the offence. Of course it does not enter into his mind as it ought to do, or else the murder would not be committed. But this is not enough. The question is, whether it is not more likely to affect him, when he does happen to think of it, than anything else of the kind? How does Mr. Parry know that the chances of hanging, when they do occur to the would-be murderer, do not weigh with him more than the chances of perpetual imprisonment? This is the real point, and this point seems to escape the learned serjeant. And there is one more word to be said about it. If the murderer does not think about the gallows when he is committing the crime, what becomes of the opposite theory that the uncertainty of conviction in capital cases both enters into the murderer's mind, and exercises an unhealthy influence upon it? As we have shown, Mr. Parry's arguments do not positively come to much. But they have this value, that just as Mr. Denman contradicts Sir Fitzroy Kelly, we have the pleasure of leaving Mr. Parry to contradict himself. Some of the best evidence on their side of the question has been contributed by Mr. Lawson, the Irish Attorney-General. His general view does not materially differ from those above described, except that it is perhaps more guardedly expressed. There are, however, two portions of his evidence worth recording. The one consists of a statement which materially refutes Sir Fitzroy Kelly; the other of a dilemma or difficulty which, like Sir Fitzroy, he seems to have been unable to surmount:—

Mr. Justice O'HAGAN. Have you ever yourself known any cases in which with reference to results, capital punishment has been wrongfully inflicted?

Mr. LAWSON. No, I never have.

Mr. Justice O'HAGAN. Supposing that a man sentenced to penal servitude for life in such a prison as you describe murders a warden, what would you do then?

Mr. LAWSON. That is an extreme case. All I can say is, that I would not do anything; but would only take precautions that he should not commit such an offence.

Mr. Lawson is doubtless an able lawyer, but this last answer suggests an ignorance of the natural history of convicts, and of the details of life inside a large convict establishment, which to those who in this respect, like Colonel Henderson and Inspector Tanner, have the advantage of him, seems very funny.

Lord Hobart, Professor Leone Levi, Mr. Thomas Biggs, and Mr. Tallack, are all either officers and committeemen of the Abolition Society, or at any rate professed, and almost professional, abolitionists—if we may, without courtesy, use a term that implies no reproach. Lord Hobart's objections to capital punishment are clearly put, but they are entirely theoretical; and his argument about its deterrent force, as compared with the deterrent force of other punishments, is based upon statistics at which any lawyer will smile. In the first place, would-be murderers are not perhaps as familiar with the proportion of committals to convictions, and of convictions to executions, as Lord Hobart; and in the second place, the theory of law that every man who takes the life of a human being is *prima facie* guilty of murder renders it necessary to indict many people for the graver offence who are very properly

convicted of a minor one. Professor Levi falls into a similar fallacy, and by dint of statistics has actually brought himself to believe that the punishment of death is not sufficiently deterrent to keep people from crime. Being sent to the Portland Convict establishment appears to the excellent Professor far more fearful. If so, men and women are likely to be more afraid of committing arson than murder—a conclusion at which nobody but a Professor, we think, is likely to arrive. We turn next to the evidence of Lord S. G. Osborne, a nobleman whose philanthropic efforts have not been the less praiseworthy because they have often been misdirected. As he objects upon religious grounds to capital punishment, there is very little to be said. He thinks the Bible does not warrant it, and Christianity is against it. Any one who holds this cannot be an impartial witness on the subject of its general influence on society. If we wished to select from Lord S. G. Osborne's evidence a proof that his judgment is warped on matters of fact by his pre-conceived views, we need not go further than his observations on the trial, some few years ago, at Dorchester, of a violent young man named Preedy, who murdered a warden in prison, and whose violence in court was such that he was put in irons during the trial by order of the Judge. Lord S. G. Osborne, who is a humane and benevolent man, retained counsel to defend him. Preedy was found guilty, on the clearest evidence, after an eloquent and admirable speech by his learned counsel, whose chief argument, however, in the prisoner's favour was that he had been exceedingly kind to a tame sparrow in the gaol. Lord S. G. Osborne still believes the man was insane. That is a matter of opinion, but the impression, not merely of the jury, but, it is said, of every lawyer in court and of every bystander, was that Preedy was as sane as his own counsel, and that no murderer ever was more rightly hung. Mr. Jessop, chaplain of Horsemonger Gaol, comes next. He too believes capital punishment to be religiously indefensible. We should like to ask him whether war is not quite as monstrous and as wicked upon theory. But Mr. Jessop adds, and we claim the benefit of his admission, that while he has been chaplain at Horsemonger Lane Gaol every single person executed has been undoubtedly, in his opinion, guilty. Then there is the Rev. Mr. Osborn, chaplain at Bath. He thinks that the right of taking away life belongs only to God, and that, being fallible human creatures, we should so punish as to have the power of reparation. But he, too, has no instance to adduce where the innocent have been hung. We then have Mr. Cartwright, governor of the Gloucester County Prison, who has, however, been only three years a governor, and who entered on his post with a preconceived dislike of capital punishment. His views are generally shared by Colonel Stace, who resigned the governorship of Oxford Gaol "somewhat sooner than he otherwise would have done," to avoid being present at an execution. Colonel Stace is frank enough to feel and admit the difficulty there would be in managing a set of desperate convicts if capital punishment were abolished, and he thinks that officers of justice would naturally consider their lives less secure under such a *régime*. With the exception of the two secretaries of the Society, and of two foreign gentlemen who speak entirely of the condition of things in Belgium and in France, the above constitutes the most important part of the oral testimony in favour of abolition. It is certainly not a very strong case. On another occasion we shall turn to the opposite side of the picture, and briefly call attention to the facts and observations laid before the Commissioners in support of the present system of capital punishment. What the abolitionists have to say ought, no doubt, to be passionately weighed; but we believe that every one who reads the Blue-book carefully will concur with us in thinking that the balance of testimony on the side of the maintenance of capital punishment is so remarkable as to be almost overwhelming.

FITZGERALD v. NORTHCOTE.

EVERYBODY, it is said, thinks that he could be a schoolmaster; and the duties involved would, in fact, be tolerably easy if common sense was not a very rare quality. Schools go on well enough with the help of a little temper and a little judgment; but a slight want of either converts molchills into mountains, and makes a dangerous insurrection out of a trifling riot. Of the two extremes into which schoolmasters are liable to fall, that of over-laxity of discipline is doubtless the most dangerous and the most tempting. A man who resolutely shuts his eyes to every fault can generally make himself agreeable for a time to both parents and pupils. Something, therefore, should be pardoned to a man who fails from drawing the cord too tight; as we should always pardon a man who makes himself disagreeable from conscientious motives. Still, though we pardon him, his conduct is never very attractive. We are obliged reluctantly to admit that a rigid martinet is doing his duty, but then he is certainly taking a very petty view of it. His rigid virtue is as repulsive as some people's vices; and we compensate ourselves for the esteem we are bound to concede to his morals by entertaining a considerable contempt for his understanding. One of the first qualifications for a schoolmaster is that he should know when to open his eyes and when to keep them carefully shut; he should have self-command enough absolutely to disregard many conscientious scruples, and to allow his boys to get into a great many scrapes without bothering himself about the matter. The consequences of an unflinching persistence in doing one's duty when it had much better be left undone are

very prettily illustrated by the case of *Fitzgerald v. Northcote*. Dr. Northcote, no doubt, acted with the most admirable motives; he wished to suppress everything that could produce ill-feeling in the school, and to maintain justice amongst his subjects. The result of his actions has unluckily been to inflict a decided injustice upon a youth of good character; and, unless schoolboys are constituted at Oscott on a very different plan from that which is common elsewhere, he must, into the bargain, have added a good deal of bitterness to the terrible feud between Bunkers and Anti-Bunkers.

Mr. Fitzgerald appears to have got into a variety of those scrapes which are so inexpressibly delightful to an overgrown schoolboy. There is a secret charm about taking an impression of a key in wax; not with any settled plan of making use of it, but by way of exciting vague associations of wickedness. A schoolboy does such a thing as a magpie steals a spoon, because it has an indescribable flavour of naughtiness. Then Mr. Fitzgerald goes and practises pistol-shooting in a corner of a wood called "Hell—" a name apparently suggestive of the superhuman audacity implied in excursions to such an irregular spot; and, when discovered, he answers inquiries in a way which the Lord Chief Justice pronounces "not satisfactory." Moreover, he ventures upon the awful step of taking some beer in a public-house. These iniquities, and some other breaches of discipline, appear to have impressed the minds of his teachers with the belief that he was a dangerous character. We might have taken them for proofs that he was given to rather childish tricks for his age; which was a natural consequence of his being kept in an anomalous position at school, when he was old enough to go to college. But the school authorities were endowed with a more penetrating vision; at any rate, Dr. Northcote threatened him with expulsion for the next offence he should commit, not for the enormity of any particular crime, but for an accumulating guilt of insubordination. At this critical moment the fearful A. B. C. conspiracy broke out, and seems to have struck the rulers of the school with dismay. It was already known to them that their pet clerical students, the embryo "Prefects of Discipline," were stigmatized by the atrocious epithet of "Bunkers." Mr. Dickens assures us, in *Pickwick*, that although no really serious charge is made against a man's character by describing him as "Old Fireworks," the name has nevertheless an irritating effect upon his nervous system. Bunker is a word of singularly indefinite connotation, but it is undeniable that it has a certain contemptuous twang about it which would hinder a man from applying it to a friend, or receiving it as a complimentary title. Like the traditional term "Tug" applied to the collegers at Eton, it manifestly indicates the actual or previous existence of some ill-feeling. The discovery of the Anti-Bunker Confederation, with lists of the unfortunate Bunkers, and personal comments upon them, was thus a terrible surprise to Dr. Northcote. He did not, as he said, fear for his throne, but he did fear for the peace of his subjects. Civil war was imminent, and the social pride of a boyish aristocracy was to be brought to bear against the Christian humility of the downtrodden Bunkers. Mr. Fitzgerald was the "head-centre," elected honorary members, and appointed the honorary secretary by his own authority. He was the Stephens of this imitative Fenianism. He was the focus from which the spirit of disaffection and discord radiated through the school. It was evidently the moment for an effective *coup d'état*. Dr. Northcote was equal to the occasion. He summarily expelled Mr. Fitzgerald, to be the bearer of the news of his expulsion to his father; and, assembling the boys in the school, delivered them an address on the character of a Christian gentleman. The opposition view of the question is very simply summed up in Mr. Fitzgerald's own statement that the Confederation was "all nonsense." It was nothing but a schoolboy joke, of no very exquisite point or refinement. It was doubtless wrong, but the belief that there was anything like a plot, except as a current bit of conventional fiction, seems to be simply absurd. The plot was merely a big boy's plaything. And if this was so, Mr. Fitzgerald could be accused at worst of a piece of thoughtless folly, for which ignominious expulsion is an altogether unfitting punishment. There can hardly be any doubt that it was exactly one of those cases in which half a dozen sensible words would have settled the whole business. If Dr. Northcote could have consented to the vulgar expedient of a little dignified "chaff," he would probably have made Mr. Fitzgerald very red and uncomfortable about the ears, and reduced him to a state of abject humility; which is the normal condition of a schoolboy in presence of his master. Schoolboys are very sensible to ridicule, especially when they are in the overgrown stage of life. If Dr. Northcote had substituted for his oration on the Christian virtues a few remarks upon the nature of the Anti-Bunker Confederation, he might probably have turned the laugh effectually against its authors, and the head-centre would have been only too glad to be allowed to dissolve his own association. But to treat the matter seriously was the only way of making it serious in fact. Of course any overt acts of insult directed against Bunkers should have been emphatically punished. But there is no appearance of evidence that any such acts had been noticed. There is no insinuation that Mr. Fitzgerald had been guilty of any morally disgraceful action; and it was, therefore, cruel to inflict upon him a punishment which is generally supposed to be specially reserved for such actions.

The case seems to prove great want of common sense on the part of the principal, and of the subordinate whom he seems to

have felt it his duty to support. The test of a good disciplinarian is to make things work smoothly, whilst exciting as little fuss about it as possible; whereas Dr. Northcote and Mr. Stone seem to have got as much amusement out of their mare's nest as if they had discovered a veritable brood of vipers in the bosom of the establishment. But it must also be admitted that they had rather a difficult problem to solve. It was wrong of Mr. Fitzgerald to write down against one of the Bunkers, in the awful records of the A. B. C., that he was supposed to be the son of a lock-keeper on a canal; but it was natural. A school ought to be as near an approach as possible to a perfect democracy. Still, if the sons of lock-keepers are to be mixed up with the sons of gentlemen in higher positions, English boys will be inclined to reproduce more coarsely some of their fathers' prejudices; and if the classes which are generally drawn from a lower rank of society are in the habit of expanding into "Divines," and ranking in virtue of that magnificent character above "Poets," "Rhetoricians," and "Philosophers," they will excite the envy which pursues the poor man unduly exalted. It must be eradicated by sensible regulations tending to remove the invidious nature of the distinction, and not by making a great disturbance about every childish manifestation of the mutual dislike. It may very well be a matter of some difficulty to hit off exactly the right line of impartiality, and the organization of the school does not seem particularly well calculated to diminish the difficulty. Oscott College, like many of the later educational growths, attempts to improve upon old-fashioned names and methods of discipline. Academies and institutions and colleges are bound to be in some way superior to schools. Oscott rejoices in principals, vice-principals, and prefects of discipline, instead of masters and ushers; and in divines, philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets, instead of the vulgar distinctions of classes. Perhaps it is the same tendency to high-sounding nomenclature which dignifies a set of schoolboys with the title of a Confederation. Poor Mr. Fitzgerald has been tempted into using such dangerously magnificent titles by the custom of the place. A new broom with such very fine names ought to sweep clean, if names have anything to do with it. Unluckily, it is well known that principals of academies are as liable to human frailty as schoolmasters. They sometimes advertise that the brutal and debasing method of flogging has been superseded in their establishment by a more rational and humane treatment; which means, in practice, that a boy is not whipped once for all, but is tormented mentally and physically by every ingenious substitute which his master can devise. At Oscott it seems that a great deal of stress is laid upon keeping up a severe discipline. The "divine," who is the butterfly of which the Bunker is the chrysalis, exercises, we imagine, the same kind of supervision as a monitor, but with a certain additional weight of clerical authority. He is lifted just far enough above the heads of the boys to be jealous of his authority and removed from their criticism. The humble Bunker, regarded during his lower stages as an inferior animal, bursts out into sudden splendour, and is allowed his revenge upon those who formerly despised him by looking sharply after their morals. In theory this arrangement may be a very beautiful one; but in practice, if we may judge from the particular case, it leads to some considerable evils. It is evident that a very young man in such a position will be generally over-virtuous, and will insist upon punishing crimes where a little more sense would induce him to overlook them. In fact, he is strongly tempted to make a display of indiscreet zeal, which is the besetting sin of youthful officials, and his superior is naturally inclined to support him. The result is not unlikely to be, as it has been in this case, a crop of those blunders into which men are led by wrong-headed conscientiousness, and more harm than good to the discipline in whose behalf they have been committed. Moreover, every attempt by means of "prefects of discipline" and similar machinery to extend supervision beyond its natural limits must tend to give an exaggerated importance to mere thoughtless infractions of discipline, and therefore to punish them with inflictions which leave a permanent stain upon a man's character.

HOTEL MANAGEMENT.

A GOOD example of the British power of grumbling was lately exhibited by a gentleman who, having landed at Dover after the accident to the steamer *Samphire*, did not waste any time in thanking Heaven for his deliverance from imminent peril of death, but immediately began to find fault because the cook of the Lord Warden Hotel was gone to bed, and so he could not be supplied with a basin of hot soup. This gentleman ought to have considered that a cook at a large hotel is an artist of high genius, whose powers should not be overtaxed, but require to be recruited by sufficient intervals of undisturbed repose. It could hardly be expected that even a cook's deputy would sit up nightly in preparation for the possibility that passengers who had embarked for France would return half-drowned to England, and require to be warmed with soup, towards the small hours of the morning. But when we hear that at another establishment of considerable external promise it is the rule to stop all supplies of meat and drink permanently at twelve o'clock at night, and to send travellers supine to bed—if, indeed, they are so lucky as to be sent to bed at all—we are tempted to inquire whether the Charing Cross Hotel was founded with any view to the convenience or comfort of the public, or whether it was intended as a school where Britons are

to be taught to leave off grumbling, to behave respectfully to ladies, and, as Mr. Squeers might say, "to conquer their appetites and not be eager after victuals."

The complaints which have appeared in the *Times* of the management of the Charing Cross Hotel must at any rate be satisfactory to shareholders in similar establishments, existing or projected; for surely, unless a business were abundantly prosperous, its conductors would not venture to display supreme indifference to the wants and wishes of customers, and to act as if they were conferring a signal favour by letting a bedroom or supplying a breakfast. The first in the series of complaints came from a "Traveller," who presumes, in his letter to the *Times*, to call the lady-manager of the hotel woman. If his manner corresponded to his language, it might be expected that he would have to undergo the disagreeable process which is vulgarly called "being taken down a peg." However, he was allowed to take possession of a bedroom, and then proceeded to the coffee-room, "intending," as he says, "a small repast." Having made to the waiter, in terms which we are bound to say were sufficiently deferential, a request for a sandwich, he was told that he could not have one because it was a minute past twelve o'clock. Hereupon he appealed to the manager, and reminded her that he had arrived only ten minutes before, and had engaged a bedroom, for which he was to pay 7s. 6d. The manager promptly dispelled any illusion that he was conferring a favour on the house, by telling him that he need not have the bedroom unless he liked. At this point the despot was apparently satisfied with her display of rigour, and she was on the point of ordering a sandwich to be brought for the submissive guest; but he was so rash as to intimate an intention of appealing against her authority, whereupon she recalled the order for refreshment, and without a moment's delay turned the audacious murmurer out of the house. The testimony of the "Traveller" as to the "hauteur and want of consideration displayed by the female manager" of the hotel is confirmed by a "Clergyman," who so far misbehaved himself as to receive a warning from this lady that she could not have the business of the hotel interrupted by his complaints, and he must take himself off. The "Clergyman" says that he felt this haughty treatment more severely because he is a shareholder in the railway on which the hotel is principally dependent; but the lady-manager appears capable of snubbing even the Chairman of the Company himself if he deserved it. Another complainant, who signs himself a "Gunner," is chiefly remarkable for his audacity in venturing to call the lady-manager a "barmaid." There is nothing special in his complaint, which amounts merely to this, that a mistake was made in allotting to him a room which was already occupied, and thus, after losing three-quarters of an hour, he departed in the determination never again to enter the hotel. So far the complainants have had something amounting to a grievance more or less considerable; but when an "Oxford Undergraduate" who cannot make any particular charge of incivility nevertheless complains of "the perfect nonchalance and indifference of the manager," we begin to suspect that the fault may not be always on one side. It may be convenient to an undergraduate, on his way through London, to apply for admission at this hotel, and it may be convenient to the proprietor to receive him; but it is perhaps unreasonable to expect that either the proprietor, or the manager as representing him, should make any extravagant demonstration, either of joy or gratitude, at receiving the undergraduate's patronage. Long before the Charing Cross Hotel existed, we have heard of landlords who discharged waiters because they had not manners suitable to their position. The standard of manners which would be adopted by such a landlord would probably be satisfactory to this undergraduate, but other persons who consider that servility is disagreeable might be inclined to wish for a little more independence, or even indifference of demeanour, among hotel servants. If the usual manners of this class are calculated to please the British snob, we may guess, on entering an hotel, whether our own personal appearance proclaims us to belong to that large variety of the human race. At some hotels, if the civility is limited, so also are the charges; and although it is unpleasant to receive too little attention, it is unpleasant also to receive too much. Our undergraduate had determined not to enter the hotel again, but on his return from the Continent, "being very hungry after a rough passage at night," he took breakfast there. The complaint that he was charged 3s. for "an ordinary breakfast with two poached eggs," and that he was kept waiting half an hour, must be left to the *Times*, which undertakes the redress of all grievances, great and small. It is fortunate that the meeting of Parliament has supplied matter to fill the newspapers, for otherwise we should have had somebody else writing to say that he had had breakfast at the same hotel for the same price, and that one of the two eggs with which he was supplied was stale.

The next complaint, if seriously made, is of more importance. It is stated that an American went to the hotel to engage a set of rooms, and wrote his name and address, upon request, in a book; whereupon the manager informed him "that if she had known he was a Northerner she would not have given him a room at all." It is hardly credible that this lady should take upon herself to exclude a guest on the score of country or politics, any more than of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the colour of eyes or hair. There are some cases in which a lady may be entitled to say:—

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.

But an arbitrary refusal to receive a stranger at an hotel cannot be justified in point either of law or reason. Birth, look, dress, or manner ought not to affect the rights of travellers; but they may sometimes affect the mode in which those rights will be conceded, and more particularly when the dispensers of lodging and refreshment are women, whether lady-managers or barmaids. The Undergraduate who wrote to the *Times* to complain that he was treated with indifference may perhaps learn, as he grows older, that it is not always prudent to proclaim our grievances. "The cause," says Shakespeare, "is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings"; and if we encounter an apathetic waiter or a supercilious barmaid, it may be as well not to inform our friends that, by a strange and incomprehensible mistake, we were received at a particular hotel as if we had been "cads" or snobs. There has been more than one letter in the *Times* testifying to civility experienced at this hotel; and the reason why the manager behaves differently to different persons is not perhaps difficult to discover. Of course it is not intended to applaud or justify such caprices; but if the hotel is full, or more than full, of guests, it may be feared that the proprietors will not pay any great attention to complaints against the manager. One of the correspondents of the *Times* added to his other grievances that he had vainly inquired all over the hotel for "Mr. Hicks," or for some manager whom he supposed to be superior in authority to the haughty lady who sat behind what would be called, in an ordinary inn, the bar. But Mr. Hicks was absent, or engaged, or would not interfere, so that he fared much as a schoolboy might who, in old-fashioned times, appealed to the head against a flogging inflicted by the second master. It is to be feared that the administration of the Charing Cross Hotel is essentially autocratic. Complainants may write to the *Times*, or they may appeal to the law or to Parliament, but all these methods of redress are likely to prove wholly, or almost wholly, unavailing. It may seem odd that the usual conditions of trade in England should be reversed in hotel management, and that the customer should be compelled to resort to those methods of propitiation and solicitation which are more frequently adopted by the dealer. Competition among sellers is so frequent and so eager that one is surprised to find competition among buyers necessary. Such an innovation upon the habits and ideas of every-day life would not, however, be without some salutary effect; and it does not appear unreasonable to regard the Charing Cross Hotel as a school where the British snob may be compelled to undergo an unpleasant but highly beneficial course of discipline.

REVIEWS.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.*

THE traditional reputation of the Milesian Tales is so questionable that, if the title had been revived by an unknown author, it would have been necessary to state that the *Lost Tales* are as unobjectionably moral as *The Caxtons*, or *What will he do with it?* Sir E. B. Lytton's Greeks, Scythians, and Gauls observe with the strictest care the rules of modern propriety, and Sisyphus himself indulges only in that comic cunning which furnishes lawful amusement to virtuous minds. A more positive merit of the poems consists in the skill with which the stories are told. According to English versions of Aristotle, the three elements of poetry are the fable, the manners, and the dictio. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses all his contemporaries in the management of the fable; but unluckily the manners, including the characters, are colourless and conventional, and such as can never have been witnessed in any place or time, or even definitely imagined. The old Milesian Tales may probably have been as deficient in individual portraiture, but they must necessarily have been faithful representations of the customs of Asiatic Greece. The *Arabian Nights*, which are the only perfect tales known to the world, record the adventures of princes, of merchants, and of travellers who have no distinct personal qualities; but the stories themselves are the best possible illustrations of Oriental life. The jealous husbands, the intriguing wives, and the dissolute monks of Boccaccio were evidently drawn from Italian experience, though the dupe or deceiver of one story exactly resembles the reproduction of the same type in another. It was impossible that the mind of a modern English writer should have been imbued with Ionian associations, and as imaginary heroes must say something, it was perhaps necessary that they should be supposed to moralize and generalize after the fashion of Ernest Maltravers or Dr. Riccabocca. Yet the incredulous reader pauses with a momentary surprise when a Gaulish chieftain of the third century before the Christian era, having found occasion to kill a woman, declares that he has slain a theological or moral abstraction. As the lady had urged the Gaul to murder her husband, the conscientious barbarian was fully justified in putting her to death. He had been, however, not indifferent to her attractions, and it was for a high moral object, as well as from regard to hospitality, that he had executed an act of justice.

Thou hast no cause to grieve; but I—but I,
O Greek, I loved her: I have slain Temptation.

The resolution of a woman into an allegorical entity, and the con-

* *The Lost Tales of Miletus.* By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. London: John Murray. 1866.

verse process of personifying a Christian idea by the aid of a capital letter, would perhaps have puzzled the simple minds of Brennus and his followers.

In diction or poetical expression Sir E. B. Lytton has, notwithstanding his meritorious efforts, never risen above mediocrity. There may perhaps be a dozen living persons in England, and as many in the rest of Christendom, who have severally written one or more lines of real poetry. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses some of them in brilliancy of endowment, but he is not included in their number. His verses are often graceful, scholarlike, and thoughtful, but they have not the indescribable ring of genuine poetry. His metrical experiments indicate rather imperfect appreciation of the common measures than the freedom of movement which accompanies mastery in the art. In default of a rare command of verbal music, it is prudent at least to satisfy the ear by the calculated recurrence of rhyme. It is possible for a copyist to imitate, to a certain extent, the complicated periods and studied cadences of poets who have written normal blank verse; but unrhymed lines of irregular and arbitrary length have scarcely ever been successfully constructed. Southey failed in the attempt in *Thalaba*, and Shelley in *Queen Mab*. The choruses of *Samson Agonistes* are intolerably harsh; and Milton's translations of a few psalms and odes of Horace are less agreeable than prose. Perhaps the only felicitous example of unrhymed stanzas has been furnished by Mr. Barnes, who is one of the most original of metrical composers, as he is the first of English pastoral poets. A careless reader might almost neglect, in the following passage, to observe either the absence of terminal rhymes or the unexpected assonance in the middle of the fourth line:—

The brown thatchen roof o' the dweller
I then wer a-leb'en
First shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
My briar at Woak Hill.
But now o' leite years, her light footfall
'S a-lost from the flooren;
Too soon for my joy an' my children
She died at Woak Hill.

As a skilful swimmer can support himself in the water without motion, and in almost any possible attitude, a poet who has thoroughly cultivated an inborn faculty of language has the power of making innumerable kinds of verses which seem to sing themselves. But Sir E. B. Lytton's versification is not superfluously buoyant even when it is provided with all the accessory support of familiar metre and of rhymes. His artificial blank stanzas sink at once to the level of rhetorical prose, although it is cut, as in monumental inscriptions, into definite lengths. The obligation to obey a self-imposed rule has, nevertheless, an inconvenient tendency to twist and invert expressions which might in the natural order be sufficiently intelligible:—

For lo! the kneeler lifted over all
The front of him their best had fled before.

It is fair to state that, with the aid of the context, an attentive student may interpret the passage; but every sentence in verse or in prose ought to include within itself its own interpretation. It may also be objected that the tallest hero could scarcely overlook an entire assembly as long as he remained on his knees. Even Germans, who have the peculiarity of writing in verse more plainly than in prose, could scarcely have jumbled nominatives, accusatives, and verbs more oddly together than in another stanza of the same poem:—

Perilous boundary-rights by Media claimed
O'er that great stream which, laving Scythian plains,
Europe from Asia guards,
The Persian Prince, in wedding Scythia's daughter
Might well resign, in pledge of lasting peace.

During the progress of four lines, which by parenthesis and inversion exact the closest attention, the anxious reader wonders what the perilous boundaries are going to do, or what is going to be done to them. The Persian Prince, on his first appearance in the sentence, bears no visible relation to the rights which, at the beginning of the next stanza he is hypothetically to resign. It is not worth while to incur so much trouble for the purpose of eventually putting the horse before the cart. Some of the greatest poets, including Dante and Shakspeare, are, through complexity and compression of thought, frequently enigmatical; but obscurity in the phrase which envelops a simple thought implies a want of art or of aptitude. In some instances, the meaning, although it may be guessed, is not contained in the words. The King of Scythia had a daughter, and he thought that no king on earth was too good to be her husband; or, as the poet says,

For whom no earthly throne,
Soared from the level of his fond ambition.

The language would have been at least equally appropriate if the father had wished his daughter to marry a private person. In that case the level of his modest ambition would not have been disturbed by the elevation of any coveted throne. It is not easy to apprehend the image of a flying throne which soars above any level. No writer understands better than Sir Edward Lytton how to make himself universally understood. As a novelist and as an orator he is laudably perspicuous; but he shares the not uncommon belief that verse may be manufactured by turning prose inside out. It would be harsh to grudge him an amusing occupation; but the candid critic doubts whether it might not have been better to leave the *Tales of Miletus* unpublished, or to relate them in prose.

Some of the stories are interesting in themselves and valuable as early forms of romantic fiction. The legend of the Secret

Way, taken from the compilation of Atheneus, is told with Sir Edward Lytton's accustomed skill, although the sentiments and language of the actors are oddly euphuistic. Omartes, King of Scythia, having, against the wish of his nomad subjects, built for himself a capital city, observed that his daughter was, as in a modern romance, pining for some unknown reason. The high priest Teleutias, comparing—perhaps for the first, if not the last, time—a maiden to a honeysuckle, advised the king to find a tree or a husband to support his woodbine. A marriage with the Persian prince or king Zarades was recommended by the hope of settling a dispute about the "perilous boundary rights by Media claimed," and, accordingly, a mission was sent to propose the alliance. The cause of the princess's melancholy was a dream in which she had seen an ideal lover; and, by a curious coincidence, Zarades had also dreamed of a beautiful lady. The Persian, accordingly, with the peculiar notions of fidelity which are found in the fictitious literature of all ages, rejected the Scythian overture in discourteous words, which were of course followed by war. In the decisive battle, the Scythian horsemen

Broke wings by native Medes outstretched for flight.

Where the critic may incidentally remark that the Roman *ala* and the wing of a modern army have not been so named because they were stretched out for flight. Zarades, with the Persians in the centre, retrieved the battle, and afterwards, besieging the capital, drove the Scythian garrison to despair. The priest Teleutias informed the King of a secret way leading underground into the open country, but Omartes considered it unbecoming to escape. His daughter was desired to choose one of the assembled chiefs, with whom, as her husband, she might fly to the desert; and while she was hesitating, Zarades, to whom the passage had been betrayed, appeared at the door. Sir Edward Bulwer "writes not for that simple maid, to whom in terms it must be said" that the dream-betrothed lovers recognise each other, that the troublesome boundary question is settled to general satisfaction, and that the Scythian and Persian kings, with their respective subjects, live happy ever after. The tale is pretty, and Sir E. B. Lytton tells it well, but Zarades must have been in advance of his age when he told the envoys of Omartes that

Great rivers are the highways of the world.

The tale of Sisyphus is more original, as it is constructed from fragmentary hints of various writers; and it is also acceptable because it recalls to Sir Edward Lytton's older and laxer admirers the pleasant and easy morality of *Paul Clifford*, which, from early habit they prefer to the austere virtue of *My Novel* and *The Caxtons*. As long as Sisyphus contented himself with robbing his fellow-creatures, Zeus took the part of the thief against his innumerable accusers for a reason worthy of George de Barnwell:—

Thought the All-wise, "So many against one
Are ill-advised to call on Zeus for help.
Brute force is many—Mind is always one;
And Zeus should side with Mind."

Having, however, detected his client in an attempt to bribe the oracle, Zeus sent Death to fetch him. Sisyphus invited Death to sit in a mechanical chair which caught and held him fast, and then persuaded him that he would be more comfortable in repose than roaming over the world to general annoyance:—

Night after night a cheerful sight it was
To see these two at feast, each facing each,
Chatting till dawn under amazed stars,
Boon comrades, Man and Death.

Men, in the meantime, released from fear of dying, followed their own inclinations, and as the temples were no longer frequented, nor the gods worshipped, Pluto was sent to release Death, and Sisyphus was carried off to the shore of the Styx:—

Death straightway gave to Hermes at the door
His charge, and passed away upon the storm;
On sea rose yells, soon drowned beneath the waves,
On land rose shrieks, soon stilled.
And the next morning all the altars smoked,
And all the fanes were carpeted with knees;
Death had returned to earth; again to heaven
The gods returned for men.

There is an inaccuracy in the antithesis between the literal or objective return of Death to Earth, and the subjective return of the gods to Heaven, in the belief or regard of men; but the effects of the interruption of natural laws, and of the return of the regular order of things, are described with much spirit, and not without a certain humour. Sisyphus, who was still more amusing than his biographer, after provoking the crowd of unburied ghosts to laughter, contrived to return to life. His stolen goods prospered, and according to Sir Edward Lytton's allegorical doctrine, good came out of evil, and private vices proved public benefits:—

For all things prospered well with Sisyphus:
Out of the profits of his stolen beevves
He built him ships, and traded to far seas,
And every wind brought gold;
And with the gold he hired himself armed men,
And by their aid ruled far and wide as king;
Filled justice halls with judges incorrupt,
Temples with priests austere.

Corinth rose from a hamlet into a city, commerce and agriculture flourished:—

Thus each man's interest led to all men's law;
And born of iron rule
Order arose to harmonise brute force;
And glimmered on the world the dawn of Greece;
For if the gods permit the bad to thrive,
Tis for the ends of good.

As tyrants sow the harvest freemen reap ;
But Sisyphus built temples and decked shrines,
Not for religious homage to the gods,
But as the forts of thrones.

There was no altar in his secret soul ;
If he prized law, law legalizes power ;
And conquest, commerce, tax, and tribute were
The beves he stole as king.

There are, perhaps, one or two slight flaws in the poet's political philosophy. It might be argued that Sisyphus, though a bad man inasmuch as he lifted cattle, was by no means a bad king. If tyrants sow harvests for freemen to reap, freemen are much indebted to them. Commerce is, according to sound economic theories, in no respect analogous to theft. It is pleasant to find that Sisyphus, after all, enjoyed his later and proverbial occupation. He informed Orpheus, in language which might have been mistaken for a platitude of the nineteenth century, that in his punishment he had duped his judges, because

They gave me work for torture; work is joy.

A sentiment which may be commended to the notice of unfortunate persons who are sentenced to penal servitude. Orpheus suggested that the stone would perhaps never reach the summit of the hill; but Sisyphus seems to have become in the other world as fertile in commonplace as he had been in crafty devices on earth :—

" Fool," said the ghost,
" Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope."
Again uprose the stone.

Although Sir Edward Lytton's title to the character of a poet may be disputed, it is impossible not to admire the versatility and the elastic cheerfulness of his fancy. Indefatigable in the conception of literary enterprises, he is never careless in execution. His *Tales of Miletus* are as good as it was possible to make them in conformity with the condition of an almost impracticable class of metres. It appears from the preface that Sir Edward Lytton is tainted with the heresy of believing in accentuated hexameters and pentameters. In one of the Tales his practice approaches to his theory, although the stanza is still formed of lines of unequal length. Metrical students may take as an instructive exercise the problem of scanning a line in the poem of "Corinna" :—

" Born blind are mortals," he said, after pausing long.

Some will perhaps incline to the belief that the line is a bad Alexandrine, while suspicious minds may inquire whether they have not been unjustly puzzled by a sentence of ordinary prose. Only on the assumption that the most far-fetched solution is always the true answer to a riddle, could it be supposed that the words are intended to form a dactylic tetrameter :—

" Born blind are mortals," he said, after pausing long.

The total disregard to accent, as well as to quantity, is consistent with Sir Edward Lytton's opinion that Dr. Whewell's hexameter translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* is a noble specimen of versification.

LEWIN'S FASTI SACRI.*

NO complaint is more common than that of the difficulty of remembering dates. This is especially the case at the beginning of our historical reading. And every learner has experienced that this difficulty lessens as we go on and as our knowledge becomes more detailed, and that it is least for that period of history of which our knowledge is most full and particular. The simple reason of this is that, so long as the date is to us a mere combination of figures which have to be arbitrarily associated with a given occurrence, we have to make a double effort of memory to retain the two. It is, in fact, a false knowledge—a mode of learning which only a bad teacher or a crammer for examinations would think of encouraging. The date of an event is only the order of that event in relation to the events which precede and follow it. No event can be properly apprehended without taking into account that relation. The order of occurrence is, therefore, of the essence of history. The date of a fact is not itself a separate fact to be separately impressed on the memory; it is a portion of the fact. Every good history is so written as to suggest its own chronology. Chronological tables, though useful for reference, can never teach us history.

Mr. Lewin, of Trinity College, Oxford—already well known for his industrious labours on the Life of St. Paul—has aimed, in his *Fasti Sacri*, at avoiding this error. Though claiming to have produced nothing more than a set of chronological tables, he has really arranged the events from B.C. 70 to A.D. 70 in their sequence and co-ordination, so that his tables may be read as a narrative. The leading passages from the authorities are quoted at length in the original languages, and the subordinate or confirmatory passages are carefully indicated. This alone raises these tables to the level of a scholar's book. Besides this, we consider we gain vastly by the omission of all that decorative verbiage by which modern writers of histories think they improve their facts and manufacture them into a new result. What the scholar and the student want are not results, but data. We like to have the original passages of our ancient author laid before us *totidem verbis*, divested of all the speculations and in-

genuities with which the interpreters have glossed them over. This is what Mr. Lewin does, and does succinctly, lucidly, and with completeness. Mr. Lewin, indeed, does not possess that art of clear and unmistakable statement which we admire in the author of the *Ordo Sacrorum*, even when we differ from his conclusions. On the other hand, he is not obscure, and can express a plain meaning in a plain way. There is altogether a solid, hardworking character about the book which distinguishes it very favourably among the shoals of showy and slimy productions with which we are daily inundated.

This is very high merit. Competent judges will probably think it the very highest merit attainable in the matter in hand. To that large class of persons who, because they don't know what they ought to ask for, ask for "original views" presented in a "striking manner," such a book as Mr. Lewin's *Fasti Sacri* will be mere waste paper. We are not quite sure that the author himself will be satisfied with the place now assigned to him, and be content to have renounced novelty. Indeed, he expressly claims in his preface to have "advanced new and original views, and fully and fairly stated the grounds on which they rest." Curiosity is not a little prompted by such an announcement. There is not in the annals of mankind a period the chronology of which has been so sifted as that of the first century of the Christian era. Every possible year for each event in the life of Christ has had its advocates. Short of some new inscription or lost author turning up, we cannot even imagine how a new view is possible. Novelty here would be a sure mark of unsoundness. A free chronological imagination like that of Mr. Greswell can indeed create new worlds for itself at pleasure. But the historian who is bound by the ordinary laws of evidence can here invent no new supposition. The ground, and every bush in it, has been so thoroughly beaten that any hare that is started can but be a "hare in March." With this safe conviction, that in this field what is new cannot be true, we turned sceptically to Mr. Lewin's pages, expecting to find that he had made good his boast of originality at the expense of his common-sense. The recent memory of Mr. Greswell's *Fasti Catholici* has made us all aware what prodigious results may be worked out from a single unsound hypothesis in chronology if you are once easy enough to overlook its initial illegitimacy. But we were gradually reassured. Mr. Lewin has calumniated himself. On all the turning-points of computation we find him adopting the ordinary conclusions, and following the well-worn track of reasoning. We do not pretend to have examined a tithe of the 2,000 facts and upwards which are dated in these tables. But in a reference to the leading events, the years of which are debatable, and on the fixation of which most of the rest depends, we have been happily unable to discover any novelty. We can only conjecture that the author intends to found his claims to such novelty on his date for the Nativity of Our Lord. Let us see, therefore, in this case, whether any light has been thrown by Mr. Lewin on an old debate.

Most of those who make a study of the Gospel history try, it may be supposed, to represent to themselves the occurrences in some sort of sequence in respect of time. This is probably done, by most persons, by the easy process of taking the arrangement provided to their hands in the text-book they happen to use. Those who have never inquired beyond this have no conception how arbitrary these arrangements are, and upon what complicated reasonings the inference depends which is to fix the year in which even leading events occurred. Take, for example, the Nativity. The calculations of the year of the Nativity have varied between the limits of B.C. 34 as the earliest, and A.D. 8 as the latest, date. It is true that only one calculator, one Bloch, has pushed it as far back as B.C. 34. The form in which Bloch had *manus chronologica* was that he was haunted with the idea that the era of the Seleucidae began B.C. 331, instead of B.C. 312—not A.D. 312, as the translator of Wiesler makes it—and insisted on importing this error of nineteen years into the whole of history. Even leaving Bloch out of the question, there still remains variation enough; every year between B.C. 7 and A.D. 8 having had its supporters among sane chronologists. Sanclemente, Ideler, and Münter, followed by a host of copyists among the moderns, pronounce for B.C. 7, a date which had been long before approved by Tillemont. But the most popular date with the general run of chronologists is B.C. 5, in favour of which year there is a large majority of voices, if a majority of voices were worth anything in a question of calculation. Mr. Lewin ventures to differ both from the astronomers and from the majority, and boldly fixes the Nativity in August, B.C. 6. Here is at least an appearance of novelty. For though Mr. Lewin is not here strictly original—Pagi, in his *Apparatus Criticus*, having been the first to propose this particular year—yet it has had hitherto but few patrons. But the novelty is found, on examination, to be more in appearance than in reality. For the one substantial ground of calculation which enables us to be certain that Our Lord was born before April, B.C. 4, is common to Mr. Lewin with the majority of chronologists. The special arguments by which he removes it one year and three-quarters further back may be novel, but they are of the shadowy character which throws suspicion upon any reasoning which allows itself to be influenced by them.

The Gospel narratives, as every reader is aware, do not state the year in which Our Lord was born. Nor did any tradition remain in the Church by which this omission could be supplied. The early Fathers knew nothing upon the subject beyond what was contained in the Scriptures we now possess. We have, therefore, to infer it from such data as we can find in the Gospels. We have,

* *Fasti Sacri; or, a Key to the Chronology of the New Testament.* By Thomas Lewin, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Author of "Life of St. Paul," "Caesar's Invasion," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

to guide this inference, one fact of well-ascertained date. The Nativity must be placed *before* the death of Herod the Great, and Herod died in April, B.C. 4. The next question is, How long before? The answer is, Only so long before as that the age of Our Lord at his baptism, which was after the fifteenth year of Tiberius, shall be not much more than thirty. The fifteenth year of Tiberius began in August, A.D. 28. $28+4=32$. Accordingly, the end (say December) of B.C. 5 is the very earliest that the generality of chronologers have ventured to assume as possible. And, even so, they have been embarrassed by the necessity of thus stretching the words of St. Luke, "about thirty," so as to add two whole years. Some of them, indeed, have resorted to the artifice of antedating Tiberius's accession by two years at the time when, as they are pleased to say, Tiberius was associated with Augustus. But this is manifestly the desperate expedient of a chronologer in difficulties, and is justly repudiated by Mr. Lewin. But though Mr. Lewin will not rob, it seems he has no objection to murder. For he shakes himself free of the limitation in St. Luke iii. 23, by saying in an easy way that all that the Evangelist meant was that Our Lord had attained the age of thirty, the age fixed by the law for the exercise of the priesthood. As this is the solitary precise mark of time found in the four Gospels, it is singular that Mr. Lewin's originality should have led him to make light of it, and in fact to give it up. For this is what he really does when he carries back the Nativity to August, B.C. 6, which would make Our Lord in his thirty-fourth year at the commencement of his ministry. Are there, then, any solid grounds for putting the Nativity a year and a half further back than the common date, December, B.C. 5? There is one plausible argument, and in this Mr. Lewin is not original, for it is the very ground on which Pagi had thought himself compelled to decide on the year B.C. 6. It is that Tertullian says that the census in Judea was in the time of Saturninus, and Saturninus was displaced by Varus before September 2, B.C. 6. Now, were Tertullian's words ever so definite, we should feel ourselves quite unable to build an exact date for B.C. 6 upon a writer more than 200 years later—a writer too who, whatever his literary merits, is notoriously rhetorical and inexact. Even Tillemont ventures to hint that Tertullian "peut n'avoir pas été plus exact dans l'histoire qu'en beaucoup d'autres choses." But without questioning the fact as stated by Tertullian, that the census of Judea was conducted by Saturninus, how are we to be sure that it was in the very first months of an operation which lingered on over many years, and was not completed till the time of Quirinus, that the parents of Our Lord removed to Bethlehem? True, Mr. Lewin would help himself here by rendering Luke ii. 2, "Prior to Cyrenius being governor of Syria," a mistranslation of the Greek words which is certainly not original, but is as certainly a mistranslation. If the passage in Tertullian will not carry Mr. Lewin's inference, his other arguments are, as he will probably admit, insufficient by themselves for his purpose. He identifies the "trouble" in Jerusalem (Matt. ii. 2) with the rising of the Pharisees in October, B.C. 6, for which Herod exacted a cruel vengeance upon that body of men. The identification appears to us to have nothing in its favour. But as it can be neither proved nor refuted, no chronological inference can be built upon it.

We have dwelt upon this instance because it exemplifies an unsound tendency in chronologers, which is not confined to Mr. Lewin, to ascertain that which cannot be ascertained, and to create a certainty where only probability exists. They still tremble to admit what sound scholars like Clinton and Gieseler had long ago recognised, that "in the time of St. Augustin no evidence remained to fix the year of the Nativity or the year of the Ascension" (Clinton, *Fasti Romani*, 2,227). Hence they resort to a chronology of conjecture and hypothesis. When one of these flimsy fabrics has been overthrown by some unbelieving critic, the generality of common readers who see the dust and confusion of the fall, but understand nothing of the merits of the controversy, are easily induced to believe that a hole has been made in the historical evidence of Christianity. How long will it be before we shall understand that the most injurious defenders of any cause are those who are injudiciously zealous to prove more than can be proved? To over-estimate the force of probable argument, and to exaggerate the importance of isolated facts, are intellectual defects of the nature of narrow-mindedness. When the young student first discovers that some of the Gospel dates he had been taught to regard as certain are matters only of probable, or even doubtful, inference, his first feeling must naturally be one of uncomfortable surprise. Instead of shrinking in terror from the inquiry, let him go on. In proportion as he familiarizes himself with the history of the world at the period of the birth of Christ, he will find his sense of the reality of the events deepen, and the narrow issues raised by critics and chronologers melt away in a broader apprehension of the features of the age in which the wonderful drama was enacted.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

THE period which has elapsed since Mr. Lincoln's death has been so eventful, the situation of American affairs, the relations of parties, and the tone of public feeling have so completely changed, that it is possible, even in the Northern States,

to discuss his character and career with a degree of calmness and impartiality which a few months ago could have been expected only from posterity. So long as the war continued, Mr. Lincoln's name was so intimately bound up with the Federal cause, so thoroughly identified with Northern claims and Unionist principles, that neither party could do justice to his individual merits, or separate the man from his party and his policy. Even in England political passions ran so high, and the sympathy of all who knew or cared anything about American affairs was so warmly enlisted on one side or the other, that it would have been very difficult to deal with a life of the Republican President otherwise than from a party stand-point. To the sectaries who regarded slavery as the one thing abominable in policy and hateful in morals, the representative of the North was the champion of Abolition, the standard-bearer in the war of absolute right against unmitigated wrong. To those who looked chiefly at the political aspect of the contest, and sympathized with the efforts of the Confederates to achieve their national independence at the sword's point, Mr. Lincoln was the embodiment of lawless usurpation and military violence. No sooner was the war over than the atrocious murder of the chief of the victorious party elevated him, in the estimation of his friends, to the honours of martyrdom, and imposed silence on the censors of his cause and principles. Amid the fulsome eulogies and blasphemous comparisons of his admirers, and the horror and pity which his cruel fate inspired in their opponents, it would have been impossible fairly and frankly to criticize his biography. All this is past. Mr. Lincoln's character is freely canvassed by Northern speakers and writers; the brother of the assassin has come forward on the stage of a New York theatre, to receive enthusiastic plaudits from an audience which has so far forgotten its first passion of horror and indignation as to be able to sympathize with his painful situation and unmerited disgrace; the "martyrdom" is often named in sarcasm than in honour; and Englishmen at least may speak of Mr. Lincoln with the judicial impartiality of historical criticism. We must say, however, that there are no traces of such impartiality in the work before us. Mr. Raymond is a bitter and thoroughgoing partisan, and writes with all the venom and bitterness which overflowed in the columns of the *New York Times* while the Confederate flag still floated over Fort Sumter, or while the alleged accomplices of Booth were awaiting their doom at the hands of a military tribunal. Mr. Lincoln is for him, not merely a hero, but an idol; not only a brave and good man, but an impeccable and unerring statesman, a faultless ruler, guiltless of injustice towards States or individuals, innocent of any violations of law or infringements of constitutional right; a pattern of good feeling, good taste, and good manners, as well as an honest and honourable politician. It is unfortunate that his narrative is almost entirely political; for while, in relating the private life of Mr. Lincoln, his extravagant hero-worship might be of little consequence, in dealing with politics and party struggles it leads him to do the grossest injustice to men quite as honest and patriotic, and much more wise and farsighted, and renders his work little better than a libel on every one who came into conflict with his idol.

Enough, however, of Mr. Lincoln's private character is discernible through the clouds of political incense offered by his biographer to raise our estimate of him, if not as a provident and discerning statesman, yet as a generous, gentle, and conscientious man, of unimpeachable morals, of kindly and forbearing temper, and of earnest devotion to that which he believed to be the better cause. Not gifted with extraordinary talent, yet abler than he was at first supposed, rising constantly with the greatness of his work, and learning daily by experience and by advice; short-sighted and inconsistent, yet resolute, persevering, and undiscouraged by long delay and frequent disaster; not scrupulous about legality, but grasping tenaciously and pursuing steadily the view of constitutional duty which seemed to him paramount for the time; guilty of cruel acts, yet incapable of wanton cruelty or purely vindictive severities; gentle and amiable in private intercourse, yet tinged with a coarseness and want of delicacy often found in self-raised men; unselfish, truthful, and thoroughly well-meaning, Abraham Lincoln stands before the reader of his Life as a man whom it was impossible for his friends not to love, and whom those who had least cause to love him must at last have learned to respect. Some of his defects probably were, on the whole, advantageous to him in his political career. He was not too refined for his constituents. The familiarities of the hustings, which by other men are affected for the moment, to be cast aside when the occasion is over, were natural to him. The broad humour of the backwoods, so admirably suited to the temper of an election contest, was deeply ingrained in his nature. His every appearance in public was an unconscious canvass; and the rough, shrewd, uncultured farmers of Illinois rallied readily round the man who, while he could hold his own with Douglas on the platform and with Seward in the Cabinet, was, in his home and at heart, to the last one of themselves.

Of the thorough unfairness of Mr. Raymond's spirit we need only give a single specimen, observing that it is in strict accordance with his usual practice. Throughout the history of the electioneering campaign of 1858, which was a public controversy between Douglas and Lincoln, the speeches of the latter are given at length, and those of the former are wholly suppressed; their nature being indicated only by some contemptuous phrase, as that "he lost his temper," "made an evasive reply," and so on. This is the more to be regretted as Mr. Douglas represented a party whose views and principles

* *History of the Administration of President Lincoln.* From Official Documents and Private Papers, some of which have not before been published. By the Hon. Henry J. Raymond. London: Stevens Brothers. 1865.

have been systematically mis-stated by the American writers most familiar to Englishmen, and are universally misunderstood. It would have been well worth while to place in fair contrast with Mr. Lincoln's views of the inherent wrongfulness of slavery the constitutional grounds on which the great Democratic leader argued for the equal rights of the South in the common Territories of the Union, and for the compromise known by the title of *Squatter Sovereignty*. It is needless to say that Mr. Raymond's account of the principles of the Democratic party, of the political controversy which culminated in the Presidential contests of 1856 and 1860, and of the steps by which the secession of the Southern States was prepared and carried out, is thoroughly unfair and one-sided. It is only when the documents from which the narrative is compiled are given in full, that any correct notion of the disputed points can be obtained from these pages, or any reliance placed upon the statements of Mr. Raymond. He writes, not as an historian, but as a party journalist; and speaks of controversies long gone by exactly as he would have spoken during the heat and confusion of the battle.

The conflict of feeling on the question of slavery had, in 1856, become the prime motive of party divisions in the Union. For the first time a political party had been formed on the basis of hostility to the institutions of one half of the Union. The principle of the Democratic party was that slavery, being recognised by the Constitution, stood on an equal footing with all other rights of property; that the Federal Legislature and Executive had no right to consider its moral bearings; and that the Slave States, as equal Confederates, were entitled to equal protection and equal benefits in the common Territories of the Union; that, therefore, the exclusion of their property from those Territories was unjust and unconstitutional. The Republicans, starting from the principle that slavery is wrong *per se*, maintained that it could only be established by positive State laws in any State, and that, wherever the power to exclude it existed, it was a sacred duty to exercise that power. Impartial judges will probably pronounce that the former were right so far as their doctrine went; and that the latter were right, with the sole proviso that their principles could not be carried out within the Union, of which they had no right to retain the advantages, while, on the authority of a higher law, repudiating its obligations. But it is easy to understand that a man of the character of Abraham Lincoln, of warm and impulsive benevolence, of strong religious principles, and regarding the Union, not as a Confederacy, but as a nation, with national rights and duties paramount to the mutual rights and duties of the States, would see only the Republican side of the controversy. It is clear from his speeches that he never understood the other side; he spoke with the ardent earnestness of perfect faith in his own cause, and never touched for an instant the real sense of the adverse argument. The thorough sincerity of his partisanship, the certainty that he would make no unworthy or half-hearted compromises—perhaps also the fact that his gentle and courteous tone had enabled him to avoid personal quarrels, while Mr. Seward was bitterly hated by his political opponents for the violence of his language and the encouragement he had given to fanatics—recommended Mr. Lincoln to the Convention which met at Chicago in 1860, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Lincoln was then an unknown man, or that his nomination was a mere mode of escaping from the irreconcileable claims of more distinguished men. Abraham Lincoln was already a prominent politician. Born in 1809, his early life was passed amid the hardships and hard work of the backwoods. His father was a settler, with that strong aversion to the approach of civilization which its pioneers often display; and he moved with his family from place to place, as the human tide encroached upon his desert, till he finally settled in the south-west of Illinois. Here Abraham led the common life of a young Western man; he got some schooling, and taught himself what he did not learn at school; he served as a boatman with the son of a wealthier neighbour on a voyage down the Mississippi; he was engaged as a clerk, then became a surveyor and failed, and finally turned lawyer. As early as 1836, at the age of twenty-seven, he was returned to the State Legislature; in 1846 he was sent to Washington as one of the seven Representatives of Illinois—the only Whig among them—but at the end of his term he did not seek re-election. He had become a general favourite in his State, when, in 1858, he was brought forward as the rival of Mr. Douglas. He canvassed Illinois in opposition to that distinguished statesman during the State elections of that year; and the prominence of his opponent gave significance to the contest, and drew the eyes of all the North on Mr. Lincoln. His speeches were remarkable for their fervour, their simplicity, clearness, and energy of purpose; and they won for him the respect and attention of the Republican party at large. When the Convention met, the first ballot showed that the choice really lay between Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln. The former had an immense superiority, but on the first ballot he had nearly all the votes that were likely under any circumstances to be cast for him. On the second ballot the votes were nearly even; on the third, Mr. Lincoln was nominated by an enormous majority. What followed is well known. Mr. Lincoln was supported by a very decided minority of the people; but the division of the Democrats secured his election, nearly every electoral vote of the North being cast in his favour, and every Southern vote against him.

A danger had now arrived to which the greatest statesmen of the Union had often referred, and always with the darkest foreboding. The Union was divided into sectional parties by a

geographical line; and the question was raised whether one section would submit to be governed by the nominees of the other, against whom it had voted as one man. Every previous President, except Mr. Buchanan, had had a majority in the North; the South had never, as has been ignorantly said, governed the Union, otherwise than by the superior influence of her statesmen in its councils. Now she was called upon to submit to Northern government—to be ruled by her avowed enemies, elected as such. And, as those who had foreseen such a sectional conflict had always expected, she refused. Before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration the whole of the Cotton States had seceded, and the Federal Government possessed only three or four forts between North Carolina and the Rio Grande, of which the principal was Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbour.

It rested with Mr. Lincoln to determine the course of the Border Slave States. Any violence would certainly unite them cordially with their sisters. If peace were preserved, they would use, as they were using, all their influence to bring the seceders back, and might possibly be successful. While, both within and without the walls of Congress, negotiations were pending, Mr. Lincoln had more than one opportunity of speaking his mind upon the subject. The following significant sentences show how he had read the history and the laws of his country:—

By the way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union, by the Constitution; for that, by the bond, we all recognise. That position, however, a State cannot carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is less than itself, and ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county, in a given case, should be equal in extent of territory, and equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than a county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of rights upon principle? On what rightful principle may a State, not more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation, and then coerce a proportionally larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country, with its people, by merely calling it a State?

We heard much of this kind of reasoning in England at the time; it is now not unfamiliar in America. But in 1861 there were few Americans who did not know that a State was a commonwealth, possessing nearly all the attributes of independent sovereignty, and a county a mere accidental division which the State could alter or annihilate at pleasure; that, so far from the States deriving their position from the Union, the Union had been formed, after the breakdown of the first Confederacy, by the voluntary accession, one by one, of the then independent States. Mr. Lincoln was probably the only man of eminence in America who would have used the language just quoted; one of a very small minority who doubted the right of secession. But even Mr. Lincoln did not assert a right to coerce the seceding States, and allowed it to be understood that he would confine himself to the seizure of the forts and the collection of the duties belonging to the Federal Government. In this position matters stood when, after a sort of triumphal progress through the North, he was inaugurated as President at Washington; his rival, Mr. Douglas, appearing as one of his principal supporters on the occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.*

WE are in some doubt whether this work is meant to illustrate the danger of judging by appearances, or to enforce the sublimer doctrine of despising them. In either case Miss Florence Marryat adopts a rather whimsical method for proving her point. She begins by investing her heroine with precisely the qualities which are likely to get her into trouble. Rachel Norreys was a dangerously fascinating brunette. There was more danger for men in the society of this little brown girl, with her ready blood, her killing glances, her arch manner and animated conversation, than in association "with the biggest, fairest Juno in creation." So much for her personal charms, to which this comparison really does not do justice, inasmuch as we see no particular danger, except to a man with Flemish perceptions of beauty, in the society of big Junos. Then her temper was warm, impulsive, and energetic. She was quick to resent an injury to others, as she was to confess a fault of her own; passionate, but open as the day; "a nervous creature, who lived twenty-four months in every twelve." To add to the atmosphere of danger which surrounded this gushing young person, she is placed at the outset of the story in an odd, not to say false, position. She is a wife in nothing but name. She had eloped, at the early age of sixteen, from a boarding-school with a young sailor; but being promptly followed, had been torn from his arms by an indignant father, who decreed that the delinquents should for the present be separated, his daughter returning home, and her boy-husband joining his ship. The cruise of a few months had been unexpectedly prolonged to a period of four or five years, and the image of her youthful husband was beginning to fade from Rachel's memory. One assumes this from the terms of intimacy upon which she is found at the beginning of the story with Captain Cecil Craven, a good-looking young soldier quartered at Gibraltar, where Mrs. Norreys' father held the post of regimental surgeon. This young officer was, like Rachel, dangerously fascinating—"quite an Apollo, as far as the exigencies of civilization and the

* *Woman against Woman.* By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

irrefutable laws of his Bond Street tailor would permit one to judge; too much of an Apollo, indeed, to leave much room for anything but good temper, and the strong sense of honour which no true-bred English gentleman has ever yet been found too stupid to possess, beneath that low forehead which was so very much on a line with the straight Grecian nose." We cannot help suspecting, from this description, that our authoress is rather vague in her mythology. She is certainly hard upon Apollo, who has never, so far as we know, been held to personify good-looking inanity. Perhaps she was thinking of Adonis. Upon another point, too, her language shows confusion. Does she mean to predicate a classical profile of all "true-bred English gentlemen," or of this Gibraltar lady-killer only? What is clear is that the impetuous Rachel and her Bond Street Apollo are on terms of familiarity which augur ill for the connubial happiness of the absent sailor. It is true that, when matters seem ripening for the Divorce Court, the apparent danger is dispersed by a stroke of retrospective ingenuity on the part of the authoress. Morality is vindicated by the discovery of a relationship which made the affection of Rachel for Cecil Craven the most natural thing in the world. But what we want to impress on Miss Marryat is, that she cannot afford to compromise her heroine through two volumes, with a view to rehabilitate her in the third. In fiction, as in real life, the appearance of evil, from which we are told on high authority to abstain, is often as fatal to reputation as actual evil. A prejudice is created in the reader's mind which no afterthought can undo. He finds a married woman indulging in what seem love passages with a man who seems a lover, and he cannot divest himself of the unfavourable impression which these things have produced, when he is suddenly told that he has all along been labouring under a mistake. We pass over the minor offence to good taste in exhibiting two persons, who afterwards prove to be brother and sister, associating together on the footing of lovers. Miss Marryat takes a mischievous pleasure in setting the moral conduct of her characters in a false light. She enjoys alternately blackening and whitewashing them. She likes to make things look ominous, and then, in the exercise of her privilege as author, to invent some expedient for conjuring the unpleasantness away. Even the minor personages of the novel do not escape this treatment. Rachel and Cecil Craven are exceedingly puzzled—and so, we may add, is the reader—to find that, though their mother has had one husband only, they bear a different name. They heroically resolve to shield their parent from dishonour at the price of their own happiness, which depends on the disclosure of the tie which unites them. But, as it turns out, there is no need for this filial sacrifice. Mrs. Craven had secretly contracted a second marriage, and was innocent of anything beyond retaining estates which ought, on her re-marriage, to have passed to her son. The conduct, again, of an eccentric gentleman called Cousin Gus appears, at first sight, highly objectionable. Sitting in the garden with Mrs. Norreys, he suddenly throws his arm round her waist, and imprints kisses on her lips and forehead. Rachel is naturally very indignant until she discovers that the assailant is her own father, whose paternal instincts had for once overcome his constitutional shyness. This lavish use of the *deus ex machina* may be carried too far. It belongs rather to legerdemain than to the novelist's art. Besides, it is, as we have observed, an edged tool to play with. These multiplied after-discoveries, which save the honour of ladies and vindicate the morality of gentlemen, may serve the purpose of explaining and even justifying their behaviour; but they do not wholly succeed in removing the unpleasant impression which their conduct, unexplained, has left on the minds of nine readers out of ten. They may set the authoress right with her public, but they fail to regain for the creations of her fancy sympathies which these repeated mystifications have alienated.

The psychological interest of the story is of a kind which is common enough in French novels, but rather nauseous to any one who lacks the taste for exploring the curiosities of morbid sentiment. It consists in the gradual alteration of Rachel's feelings towards her husband. The aversion with which she regarded him as a stranger, when he returned to claim her for his wife, soon gave way to other feelings. To a sensible woman there would be nothing particularly humiliating in at once confessing this. But little "brown girls" with gusty temperaments seldom do the sensible thing. Besides, had Rachel been allowed to consult her happiness in this obvious and unromantic way, our authoress would have found herself stranded at the beginning of her second volume. So we have a prolonged conflict between love and squeamishness, pride and duty. Just when things are looking better, "fresh reserves" and "new misunderstandings" crop up between them—of the sort which enable two gushing school-girls of the Rosa Matilda type to indulge in the luxury of a mutual pout. Naturally enough, Rachel feels at first a blankness and want of ease in her husband's society. "Everything seemed over" to the impetuous young creature, as she leaned back in the train which was whirling her to her new home. But so little is everything over that no sooner has she arrived than we hear of her "tapping the ground with her impatient foot, with dilated nostrils and breath which came quick and hard;" and the reason of all this excitement is that it has suddenly struck her that some presents which Raymond has brought for her from foreign parts had been intended "for his wife, not for her who was a mere dependent on his bounty." Her husband, who throughout deserves sincere pity, shows on this occasion as much ingenuity in self-torture as Rachel herself; for,

on receiving a kiss in acknowledgment of his gifts, he exclaims melodramatically—"Don't do that again, child, for God's sake!" Then the couple go to stay at Craven Court, and there Rachel, who by this time has fallen head over ears in love with her husband, but who is as far from acknowledging the fact as ever, is hurt because he does not ask her to dance. When at last he does ask her, she turns sick and giddy, "never having before felt the pressure of his hand round her waist, or his breath on her cheek." These symptoms, which were really flattering to Raymond, offend him, and send him out of the ball-room "to linger where the corks were flying, and try to drown his misery in the wine-cup." With a surprising *naïveté*, to which we can imagine a severe critic applying another term, our authoress gives needless prominence to the sleeping arrangements of Abbey Lodge. There was a door between the room occupied by Rachel and the dressing-room to which by a tacit agreement her husband was habitually relegated, which seems to have played much the same part which the wall did for Pyramus and Thisbe, only that all the love-whispers breathed through its key-hole emanated in this case from the lady. Once Rachel's nervousness at being left alone in the dark very nearly precipitated an explanation. The room was one in which the elder Mr. Norreys had died, and she fancied that ghastly corpse-like faces glared on her round the corners of the bed. In her excitement she sprang from bed, and dashing towards the door which led into her husband's room, crouched against the inanimate wood, as if it were a creature to support and comfort her. Miss Marryat justly observes, in reference to this incident, that the worst phantom which haunted those silent rooms was the shadow of mutual and unnatural reserve between two young hearts, and that the ghosts which dogged her footsteps were the ghosts of her own coldness, indifference, and hardness of heart towards a man who loved her faithfully. The only wonder is that—seeing, as she appears from this passage to see, how thoroughly unfeminine and repulsive the character of her heroine is—she should think it worth while to analyse in such detail the vagaries of a vicious and unhealthy sentimentalism.

The title of this book is to a great extent a misnomer, for the schemes of Mrs. Arundel and her confederate, the discharged servant, to ruin Rachel's happiness, constitute merely an episode in the story, and exercise no appreciable influence over it. Indeed, it is only indirectly that they can be said to be aimed at her at all, Rachel's supposed *liaison* at Gibraltar with Cecil Craven being used by the vindictive widow merely as an instrument for breaking off that young gentleman's marriage with another lady. It was her *ci-devant* lover, not her unsuspecting friend, whom she sought to destroy. It would be a good thing for society if all bad unscrupulous women laid their plans with no greater skill than Mrs. Arundel, or if they could be induced to supply the evidence of their own guilt with simplicity equal to hers. But, however clumsy her strategy, at least it had the effect of giving a fresh fillip to the chronic misunderstandings between Rachel and her husband. The latter is naturally somewhat indignant when his wife admits that she has been "sometimes" kissed by Cecil Craven at Gibraltar. Nor are matters mended by the long-delayed, long-expected avowal that she loves him, and him only. No sooner is the mystery explained than she is once more sulky and recalcitrant. Piqued at her husband's audacity in having rejected her proffered love while a stain appeared, from her own admission, to rest upon her honour, Rachel entrenches herself forthwith in a fresh barrier of reserve, which is only broken down at last by the imminent prospect of his death. One does not see why one incident more than another should end these prolonged heartburnings. The curtain falls on a scene of mutual rapture; but what assurance, one is tempted to ask, can the reader have that the sentimental miseries of "unfulfilled wifehood" would not be revived during lawful wedlock in another and a less romantic form? There would be little chance of two such tetchy beings standing the petty wear and tear of married life. The first tiff over the weekly bills would make shipwreck of their happiness. A married couple as keen to take offence at each other as two pettifogging attorneys to detect a flaw in a will would never be long at a loss for a ground of quarrel.

We have said enough to indicate our opinion that Miss Marryat is neither happy in the choice of her subject, nor skilful in the arrangement of her materials. In a purely literary point of view also, this work is far inferior in merit to her first novel. The signs of haste and slovenly composition abound. Unless it may be regarded as an early effort which owes its publication to the success of *Love's Conflict*, we fear that the authoress is about to add another to the list of authors who produce a first work of considerable promise, and deteriorate ever afterwards.

LETTERS OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.*

WE recently noticed, in an account of M. Feuillet de Conches' third volume, the controversy between him and Herr von Sybel about the genuineness of Marie-Antoinette's letters. We knew of Von Sybel's objections only from his opponent's representations of them; and, as thus represented, they did not seem to show more than ingenious scepticism, not unnaturally excited by the extremely unsatisfactory way in which the French editors had

* *Revue Moderne*, Décembre 1865. *Les lettres de Marie-Antoinette et leurs derniers éditeurs*. Par Henri de Sybel.

executed their task. These gentlemen, strong in their self-confidence as connoisseurs and collectors, bade us take a set of papers of the most suspicious class simply on the faith of their own sagacity and discrimination, and did not condescend to recognise the possibility of any one being so curious as to ask where the papers came from and what was their real history. The natural result followed; their genuineness was disputed by Herr von Sybel in Germany, and by MM. Edmond Scherer and Geoffroy in France. In the preface to his third volume, M. Feuillet de Conches showed that he had become aware, yet only partially aware, of his slovenly way of editing; and he also noticed Von Sybel's objections. But, whatever the objections might be worth, his mode of answering them was by no means satisfactory. He vapoured and flourished a great deal more than he argued or explained. Von Sybel has replied to M. Feuillet de Conches' defence of his documents, and has again stated the case against them in the December number of the *Revue Moderne*; and we think with much force.

There is no question with Herr von Sybel that M. Feuillet de Conches' book, especially in the third volume, contains documents both authentic and valuable. What he impugns is the genuineness of the greater part of the letters ascribed in the publications of the Comte de Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches to Marie-Antoinette. The greater portion of these letters belongs to the time between her marriage (in 1770) and 1789, and they are addressed for the most part to her mother, her sister the Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, her brother the Emperor Joseph, and Mercy. This series of letters Von Sybel considers to belong to those clever forgeries for which Paris has been always famous. He begins by asking very naturally, as we have already more than once asked, where do they come from? And to this question no answer appears yet to have been given. As he says, people who sell papers of this kind are not always anxious to tell how and whence they got them, and sometimes bind the purchasers to a condition of "absolute discretion." Of course, if the purchaser holds himself tied to such a condition, he deprives himself of his best proof of the genuineness of his papers, if they should be questioned. With regard to the great mass of the letters in dispute, both the French editors have been as "absolutely discreet" as those who dealt with them about their manuscript treasures could desire. M. de Feuillet de Conches says, indeed, in his third volume, that in a second *tirage* of his first two volumes, in which these letters occur, he has supplied the defect of the first edition, and stated where each letter is to be found. Von Sybel says that he made diligent inquiry in Paris, and cannot obtain a copy of this second *tirage*. But even if the French editor were to do all through what he has done in his third volume, this is far short of giving us the real history of the papers. That a letter is now found in a certain cabinet, tells us nothing of the way in which it got there. And it is to be observed that this great mass of letters consists of papers the appearance of which in sales and cabinets requires to be accounted for. They are the alleged originals of private letters from Queen to her nearest relations—an Empress, an Emperor, an Archduchess. How did such letters get abroad; not one or two, but in a tolerably regular series? Such things do happen, especially in troubled times like those of the great war, from the carelessness or treachery of servants and secretaries, or from the misfortunes or necessities of trusted friends. But, without some explanation, we are staggered when we are told to assume that letters of the most intimate kind from her daughter have found their way from Maria Theresa's portfolio into the market. And neither M. de Hunolstein nor M. Feuillet de Conches have yet, as far as we know, given the least hint either as to what they know or what they suppose respecting the channels through which these autographs have passed into their hands, or into those of the persons from whom they obtained them.

But M. de Hunolstein has done what as yet M. Feuillet de Conches has not done. At Munich, last year, he of his own accord placed his autographs before Von Sybel for full and free examination; and he was on his way to Vienna, to subject them to examination there, and to a comparison with the undoubtedly genuine letters which are preserved in the family papers of the Imperial house, and which Von Arneth lately published. If M. de Hunolstein is still silent as to the history of his papers, he has at least, as Von Sybel fully attests, acted in the most frank and straightforward way, in laying his autographs open to inspection by those who had denied their genuineness. The result of this inspection has confirmed Von Sybel in his belief that they are forgeries.

The Vienna letters, which extend from 1770 to 1780, form a standard of comparison about which there cannot be the least doubt. These letters, from the Queen to her mother and brothers, are all of them—that is, all the originals, for many of the letters are only Pichler's copies—written on the same kind of paper, always of the same size, "petit en-8vo," or note-paper size, with gilt edges; or after the death of Louis XV. in 1774, black-edged. Year and place are generally omitted by the Queen, and are added by the Empress's secretary, Pichler. The beginning "*Madame ma chère mère*" is always part of the first line, and never above it. The signature up to 1774 is simply "*Antoinette*," and the *A* is written in the pointed form and not in the round one. Further, Marie-Antoinette, when she first went to France, could hardly scrawl legibly, and the badness and want of improvement in her handwriting are a frequent subject of expostulation in her mother's letters. The Vienna series from 1770 to 1780 bears ample witness to this, and exhibits the gradual changes and progress of her handwriting, from the schoolgirl pothooks with which she set out

to a hand anything but good, but at least with something of a regular character. In the later letters of the revolution time her hand had changed again into a more practised and bolder, though hardly a more graceful, one. Von Sybel gives a set of facsimiles of different dates. Facsimiles are unsatisfactory things, but they certainly bear out his statement about the differences of handwriting.

The Hunolstein letters of the same period presented at once some remarkable differences. Some were on sheets of a note-paper size, but most of them were on sheets of the old letter-paper shape. The paper was commoner than that of the Vienna letters, and of varied quality—French, Dutch, and German. But, as Von Sybel allows, this of itself is a slight matter; for paper of the same kind and form is found in certainly authentic letters from Marie-Antoinette to the Landgravine of Hesse Darmstadt. *Not one* of the Hunolstein letters is on gilt-edged paper, while *all* the Vienna ones previous to 1774, belonging to the same series, are; and in one of the Hunolstein series, written after the death of Louis XV., the writer, to make up for the want of a regular black edge, has run the pen along the edge of the sheet, and blackened it, blotting the paper within. Still it is to be observed that the gilt-edged paper is also not found in the genuine Darmstadt letters. But the curious thing is that all the Vienna originals—as we understand Von Sybel—are on one kind of paper, and all the Hunolstein letters, belonging to the same set and time, are on another; though a kind which the Queen certainly did use. Still, why were all the gilt-edged or black-edged letters kept at Vienna, and none but they; and how was it that all those on different paper were sifted out to come into Count de Hunolstein's collection? There are also differences in the compositions themselves. The Hunolstein letters almost always give the year and place in the same handwriting with the rest of the letter. The address "*Mme. ma chère mère*" is generally put above the first line, not continuous with it. The signature is generally "*Marie Antoinette*," with a rounded instead of a pointed *A*. These differences, also, of themselves need not mean much. Many people, especially if they are not very ready scribes, begin their notes and write them, sign their names and form their letters, very differently, according as they are well or ill, in a hurry or at leisure, or according to a fashion they take up, the humour they are in, and the person they are writing to. Even differences in point of grammar and spelling—and there seem to be broad ones in the various alleged letters of the Queen—are not inexplicable; at one time the writer who is not sure of his spelling sedulously uses the dictionary at his side, at another is too eager, or has no time, to keep his orthography straight. The force of these differences in the present case is that, in letters professing to belong to the same series and time, one set of peculiarities are all found in one group, and the other set of peculiarities are all found in the other.

But there is something much more important. All the Hunolstein letters, says Von Sybel, are written in exactly the same hand, from 1770 to 1780; and this hand is that which is found in the letters belonging to the later years of Marie-Antoinette's life:—

Enfin, l'écriture est partout la même; en 1780 la même qu'en 1770; c'est celle que l'auteur de ces lettres peut avoir rencontrée dans quelque original authentique des dernières années de la reine.

If this statement is exact, as we have no reason to doubt that it is, it seems to us to dispose of the question as regards the Hunolstein autographs. The Queen could not have written one day in pothooks, and the next week in the formed hand of twenty years later, to go back again to her pothooks in a succeeding letter. The suggestion in answer is that she employed a secretary, the Abbé de Vermond. We know that in those days, as perhaps happens still, secretaries did a great deal of their masters' work and writing, and we also know that De Vermond was always at her elbow, avowedly to help her out of the difficulties of her imperfect education. And it is to be observed that in the Vienna collection, out of ninety-three of the Queen's letters, only thirty-seven are the actual letters in her handwriting; the rest are transcripts copied by the Empress's secretary Pichler, in whose hand also are the draughts of the Empress's own letters. But the question would still remain, how the Hunolstein letters came to resemble so perfectly the Queen's real handwriting of a later period; and further, how all the letters of this kind are in the Hunolstein collection, and none in the Vienna one. If they were the Queen's rough draughts or minutes, how came she to write so much better in her rough draughts than in her letters as they were received at Vienna? If they are De Vermond's, or any one else's draughts for the Queen to copy from, how came the handwriting to be so like the Queen's later hand? At any rate, even if they are copies of genuine letters, they are not autographs. And it would be absurd, without further explanation, to receive as a genuine copy what has been put forward as an original, and is obviously meant to look like one.

It is impossible to believe that these papers are either originals or draughts in the Queen's own hand, or that they are honest copies. But the provoking thing is, that mixed up among them there appear to be transcripts of genuine letters. In the Hunolstein series are three little notes from the Queen to Mercy, anterior in date to the Revolution, professing, of course, to be autographs. The very same three notes are found among the Mercy papers in the Vienna archives, and these must have been the copies which Mercy received. The Hunolstein notes might be very honest copies, only that they profess to be in the Queen's own hand. The French editors would suggest that they are her

rough draughts; but it is a good deal to assume, as Von Sybel says, that before the Revolution, and while she was still at liberty, the Queen made and kept a copy of every trifling note she sent. But if the Hunolstein notes are forgeries, it is plain that the forger had access to genuine papers; he had them before him, and might have given them as copies, but he preferred to give them as originals. The odd thing is, that any one should think such notes worth the trouble of forging; but what has happened in the case of these unimportant papers may have happened in the case of others more important and better worth reproducing. So that the collection may really contain genuine letters, but presented in such a shape, and with such mixtures, that it is impossible to distinguish between what is true and what is false.

So much for the Hunolstein papers. M. Feuillet de Conches has not been so forward to show his manuscripts, though he has announced his intention of doing so, and Von Sybel has not seen them. But it is curious to find the case of the three notes to Mercy repeated in two much more important letters of M. Feuillet de Conches' collection. He has printed two letters of the Queen—one dated June 14, 1777, to her mother, and the other, November 20, of the same year, to the Emperor Joseph—the originals of which, he says, are in his possession; and in his third volume he has given facsimiles of these letters. These facsimiles, says Von Sybel, in the form of the sheet, in the handwriting, in the peculiarities of date, address, and signature, have exactly the characteristics noticed in the Hunolstein papers. We know from the Vienna letters how the Queen wrote between 1770 and 1780; and here, in letters of 1777, she writes in the entirely different hand of 1790. Von Sybel not unreasonably refers these autographs to the same family and origin as the Hunolstein ones. But though they have every appearance of being forgeries, it seems that they are forgeries of genuine letters. A copy of the letter to Maria Theresa, in the handwriting of her secretary, Pichler, is in the Emperor's private library, and copies, unquestionably authentic, of both letters are among Mercy's papers in the archives at Vienna. The coincidence of this with what has been already noticed in regard to the Hunolstein papers is remarkable; it is also worth notice that copies of some at least of the Queen's letters seem to have been not unfrequently made. Of course Von Sybel naturally considers that this discredits M. Feuillet de Conches' other letters. But what it suggests generally of that collection is that, while they are forgeries considered as autographs, they may contain, in a forged imitation of the Queen's handwriting, any number of her genuine letters. The misfortune is that there is no telling which are the genuine ones. And, whatever number may have been imitated from authentic copies—for they could not have been imitated, if we can trust the Vienna papers, from the originals—Von Sybel seems to have good reason for saying that, besides those which she did write or may have written, there are certainly others which she did not write. He dwells to some extent on the alleged difference of tone and style, and to a greater degree on irreconcileable contradictions of statement or fact, between the French collections and the Vienna letters; and his line of objection has been also taken up in France by M. Geffroy, in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. His criticisms are certainly not disposed of by M. Feuillet de Conches, who invariably misses the point and makes an entirely irrelevant reply; but when an argument is raised on apparently opposite ways of speaking about Madame Dubarry or Madame Elizabeth, or on things not being said which might be expected to be said, we cannot help remembering that the range of possibilities is large, that letter-writers are not always consistent or say what might be expected, and that the mood and language of a letter-writer like Marie-Antoinette, writing to a mother not very easy to satisfy, might vary very much. It does not strike us as so very strange that Marie-Antoinette—after having begun, as the Vienna letters show, by abusing Madame Dubarry, after having been well rated by her mother for her rudeness to the favourite, and after a vain defence of her own behaviour—should give up the contest, and end, as the Paris letters make her do, by saying that she does not find her so bad, and that she pays her all due respect. Von Sybel's objections based on the contents of the letters may raise suspicion; but the discrepancies on which he insists appear to us, in nearly every case, to admit too easily of a possible explanation to be very convincing.

There is, however, one objection which it seems difficult to get over. Among the French letters of both collections are a number of early ones of Marie-Antoinette to her elder sister, Maria Christina of Saxe-Teschen. And they are not formal letters; they express from the first the utmost affection, and imply a confidence and intimacy of some standing. The Saxe-Teschen papers are very full and very complete. Yet not only is there no trace in them of such correspondence, but the Duke of Saxe-Teschen has distinctly left it on record that the two sisters, from difference of age and from early separation, were barely acquainted with each other till they met at Versailles in 1786. He speaks of the Queen on this occasion as a much younger sister, whom his wife had scarcely known in their mother's family, and against whom she had at first, and for some time, felt a prejudice:

Comme la reine est beaucoup plus jeune que mon épouse, qu'elle n'avait guère été à même de connaître cette sœur avant son départ de Vienne, et qu'il y avoit eu des gens qui avant celui-ci avoient donné des idées défavorables de celle-là, dont elle n'étoit revenue que dans les derniers tems, mon épouse fut d'autant plus charmée de ce que cette entrevue la mit à même d'affirmer les sentiments qu'ell' avoit adoptés depuis pour elle, et de la convaincre de la fausseté des rapports qu'on lui avoit faits sur son compte.

Yet no sooner has Marie-Antoinette left Vienna to be married, in

1770, than, according to the French letters, she begins writing to this elder sister, who had left Vienna some years, and whom she had scarcely known, as if she were her chief and bosom friend. Von Sybel's comments seem unanswerable:—

M. le professeur Wolf a étudié à fond le riche recueil de documents manuscrits laissés par Albert et Marie; ce recueil atteste le soin remarquable que mettait le duc Albert à enregistrer jour par jour tous les événements, les relations personnelles, les correspondances; on voit qu'il a rédigé lui-même les minutes de presque toutes les lettres de sa femme et conservé toutes celles qui lui arrivaient. Ces archives de famille sont sorties intactes de ses mains pour passer dans celles de son héritier, puis son possesseur actuel; une partie de ses livres a été perdue dans un naufrage en 1792, mais rien n'a péri de ses manuscrits, et il n'est question nulle part d'un autre accident. Or, ces documents si nombreux, si bien ordonnés, où sont consignés non-seulement les relations d'amitiés régulières et continues, mais jusqu'aux rapprochements passagers, ces documents ne présentent pas la moindre trace d'un commerce d'intimité entre Marie et sa sœur de Versailles. Et l'on voudra nous faire croire que pendant de longues années celle-ci n'ait pas eu de confidente plus intime que sa sœur Marie, plus âgée qu'elle de treize ans, et qu'elle ait pu lui écrire, en date du mois de mai 1770, ces mots, "Ma chère Christine, la seule à qui j'ose parler à cœur ouvert!" Que M. Feuillet de Conches veuille bien ici ne pas prendre le change. Mon raisonnement n'est pas du tout celui-ci: les archives de duc Albert ne contiennent point de lettres de Marie-Antoinette, donc celles-ci ne peuvent lui avoir été dérobées et vendues à M. Feuillet de Conches. Mais je dis: les lettres et les journaux déposés dans ses archives ne font que très-rarement et en courant mention de Marie-Antoinette, et qui plus est, le duc déclare formellement qu'il n'existe pas entre les deux sœurs de commerce d'amitié; donc les lettres produites par M. Feuillet de Conches ne peuvent provenir de ces archives, elles ne peuvent être authentiques.

This seems conclusive about the letters to the Duchess of Saxe-Teschen; and the forgery in this case affects the credit of the whole series to which they belong. Von Sybel has further compared this series of letters, not only with the undoubted Vienna letters, but with the French *Gazette* of the time; and he declares that the alleged Marie-Antoinette of the two "Paris collections" mentions not a single fact of which the ground is not to be found in all its detail either in the *Gazette* or in *Madame Campan*." We cannot pretend to have followed him in this investigation. Some of his supposed coincidences seem not worth noticing except as parts of an exhaustive enumeration; but others, such as the following, seem to show that most fatal mark of a copier, a blunder from mistaking the original:—

Marie-Antoinette écrit (chez M. d'Hunolstein) le 25 février 1774 à sa chère Christine: "Et vous aussi vous vous divertissez; j'ai pris intérêt à votre *Lammerfest*, pour laquelle Noverre fait des merveilles." L'homme le plus savant aujourd'hui dans les affaires de l'ancienne cour de Vienne serait bien empêché de dire ce qu'il était au siècle dernier cette *Lammerfest*. Cependant le mot était là, imprisé en toutes lettres; et il se trouve aussi dans le manuscrit, comme cela ressort clairement de la note explicative de l'éditeur: *Fête des agneaux*. Et bien, tout cela n'est qu'une lourde bavure. La *Gazette* annonce de Vienne, 24 février: "Il y eut à la cour un bal connu sous le nom de fête de chambre. On y a exécuté une contredanse. Cette contredanse, qui est de la composition du sieur Noverre, a eu l'approbation de S. M. l'" A cette fête de chambre, on a voulu donner un nom allemand, *Kammerfest*; mais ne sachant pas trop bien écrire l'allemand on a fait de ce mot *Lammerfest*, fête des agneaux.

These are the main grounds on which Herr von Sybel relies. They seem to us very strong, but we should like to hear the report of a competent judge, not involved in the dispute, on the comparison of the Vienna and the Paris manuscripts; and, at any rate, it seems premature to condemn all the Paris documents in a mass. That they are mixed up with forgeries is beyond a doubt; but it is also certain that they contain transcripts, to what extent we do not know, of genuine letters. Those who are interested in the matter might do well to try to sift out these volumes, and, if it were possible, to ascertain something about the frequent copies which appear to turn up of the Queen's letters, about the persons who made them, and the extent to which the Queen, and those about her, were accustomed to keep copies of her letters. But as the volumes of the Comte de Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches now stand, it is clearly impossible to make use of the Queen's letters which they contain as materials of history. If M. Feuillet de Conches is wise, instead of irrelevant personal justifications which are not required, and irrelevant personal attacks which are not creditable to him, he will lose no time in confronting his manuscripts with the unquestioned papers at Vienna; and, next, in giving in full the history of his portfolios.

A MAN OF KENT.*

THIS book scarcely belongs to the class which forms the legitimate prey of critics. It disarms wrath by professions of humility. A book printed "for subscribers only" is a candidate not so much for public favour as for a private verdict of approval; and a man cannot be said to put forth any exorbitant claims who gets a friend to state in a preface that he has "no pretensions to literary talent beyond throwing off an occasional letter or article," and at most to venture a hope that his "rough and ready reminiscences" may not be an "unwelcome contribution to the light literature of the day." We do not like to speak harshly of a glass of small beer, when it honestly and openly professes itself to be nothing but small beer. We will be content, therefore, to assume that the production is neither better nor worse than might have been anticipated, considering it as a work of art. It has, however, a certain interest as an unconscious display of character. Novelists in search of a good specimen of that class to

* The *Autobiography of a Man of Kent*. Edited by Reginald Fitzroy Stanhope. London: Printed for Subscribers only, by Whittingham & Wilkins. 1866.

which the Man of Kent belongs would do well to study this book. They are too much in the habit of blindly copying each other's copies of the middle-class Englishman; for which the excuse may perhaps be alleged that he is a rather undemonstrative and prosaic kind of animal. The respectable clerk or tradesman whose political prophet is John Bright "the eloquent and true-hearted advocate" of the rights of working-men, and who is deacon in a Dissenting chapel, does not easily find his place in a romance. When he does appear, it is generally as the "snub-nosed, smooth-faced rogue" of Maud's admirer, or as the stupid uneducated boor described by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The autobiography of the Man of Kent will certainly not remove the impression of his aesthetic deficiencies, but it will bring out many features which are blurred over in the ordinary representations. A true account of a man's own life and character by himself may be dull or unpleasing, but it generally produces a far more vivid impression than any purely fictitious creation. The most blundering writer often contrives to stamp his own likeness upon his pages far more effectually than it can be copied by any one else. And the Man of Kent, without any pretensions to literary skill, lets us, as it were, unintentionally into a good many secrets as to the intellectual condition of the class to which he belongs. He shows us what is the education which fits a man to sit at the feet of Mr. Spurgeon, to accept Bradshaw's *Continental Guide* as a sufficient account of foreign parts, and, which is certainly more astonishing, to believe in Mr. Tupper as a great poet. He is a proof, moreover, that the tastes indicated by these peculiarities are compatible, strange as it may seem, with a great deal of good sense, as well as with real honesty and sturdiness of character.

The story of the Man of Kent's life is simple enough. He was born in 1817, from which it seems that he is rather premature in taking to didactic autobiography—a branch of literature which one naturally associates with venerable old age. His father was editor of a country newspaper. He confides to us with extreme frankness certain scrapes into which he fell in early life, and then tells us how, after an attempt to enlist in the army, foiled by a rejection for stammering, he became assistant in a shop, and afterwards got a place in the library of the British Museum, where he apparently remains. When we add that he was "converted," married, and has suffered from ill health, we have mentioned pretty nearly all the facts which he has communicated; and it is evident that whatever interest the book may excite comes rather from the internal than from the external circumstances of the author's life. His general opinions are, as we have already observed, not very instructive on their own account. He accepts many of them in a lump from the commonplaces current in his class, and especially, as we need hardly say, those about art. He speaks in the correct terms of such celebrated characters as Rubens or Raffaelle, when he comes across them, but he reserves his warmest admiration for Madame Tussaud's collection. There, he says, are "the all but breathing effigies of the mighty dead"; there is "the hall of kings, where you may study at your leisure the countenances and forms and costumes of all English monarchs"; there is the "unrivalled collection relating to" Napoleon; and there "such as are fond of studying humanity in some of its less attractive forms" (rather a mild expression for Messrs. Rush and Palmer) "may have their taste gratified to the full in the Chamber of Horrors." In fact, the Man of Kent becomes so eloquent that he thinks it as well to warn his readers that he has no connection with the establishment beyond the payment of occasional shillings. This taste, however, for Madame Tussaud appears to be a weakness derived from very early days, when he gazed admiringly at the wax figures of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and "almost envied the great warrior as he reclined by the side of Egypt's beauteous queen." He has never been able to shake off the weakness, but he should not be therefore confounded with that very low stratum of the sight-seeing population whose imaginations are led captive alternately by the waxworks and the Thames Tunnel. The Man of Kent has, for example, read a considerable quantity of poetry, and quotes it with surprising freedom. It is true that it is rather of a miscellaneous character. He is evidently fond of Byron, Cowper, and Wordsworth, and other genuine poets; but with quotations from them he strangely mixes up fragments of poetry which our reading, as we must humbly confess, is not always sufficiently extensive to identify. We should, however, be inclined, from internal evidence, to attribute several of them to the distinguished author of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, who is explicitly quoted for the well-known sentiment—

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love,

A resting-place of innocence on earth, a link between angels and men;

and various other things of a more or less agreeable nature. The Man of Kent, in fact, shows that catholicity of taste which results from incapacity for nice discrimination. This exhibits itself in another direction by a certain want of delicacy in some cases. He evidently is quite unconscious that he is taking what some people might fancy to be liberties. Perhaps a clergyman whom he notices will not object to a mention of his "evangelical and apostolic labours," nor to the statement that he is "as distinguished by the quiet unobtrusive virtues of his private life as he is for his pulpit labours." But it is rather strong to describe a gentleman's wife in the style of the sensation novel:—"A form that any sculptor would have been glad to have moulded as a model," an oval face with the bloom of a peach, a small mouth, "the lower part of the face a little too full

to be classical," light and wavy hair, "the tiniest foot for a woman that I ever beheld, and a hand such as a duke would have delighted to kiss." Then "her soft blue eyes look out lovingly upon you, like that of an angel" (we always thought that an angel had two eyes), "as full of purity as of love. She was an accomplished pianist, and possessed a voice of silvery sweetness." But these eulogies fit in very well with those on public men, such as the statement that Lord Russell's "private character will always command the respect of all who can admire the sterling virtues which constitute the real glory of an English nobleman." We have here a new filling up of the common forms which so frequently recur in the pages of the humbler class of newspapers. Of course, too, a gentleman who retails commonplaces of this kind with such unconscious complacency behaves on his holiday trips much after the fashion of Mr. Cook's tourists in general. He discovers in a week that the French are a "highly intelligent, active, quick, and responsive race," that French women would be better for more of "what we understand in England by home influence"; and makes the proper reflection, "What would France be if it were thoroughly imbued with a real and life-giving Christianity?"

All these little peculiarities are shared by the Man of Kent with a great number of his countrymen. He is on that great intellectual level where so many people pass their lives, and from which very small elevations are confused with very lofty ones by a kind of mental perspective, and very worn-out commonplaces look like very profound wisdom. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this position implies any want of shrewdness, though it may imply a want of systematic education. The Man of Kent evidently expends the greatest quantity of real thought upon theology. It gives to him, as to the Scotch lower orders, a favourite opportunity for intellectual gymnastics. And he is far from following other men's lead blindly in such matters. On the contrary, he evidently likes to take a line of his own. He argues against the superstitious view of verbal Inspiration. He declares that he sees no reason for closing such places as the British Museum on Sundays, and says that it is better to take a walk in the fields than to sit in a dark unwholesome room, drinking whisky and smoking tobacco. The most characteristic of these little bursts of controversy with which he favours us is one about baptism. He accidentally heard that an American missionary had changed his mind as to the lawfulness of infant baptism, because, being on a sea voyage without books, he had examined the question "from the Scriptures alone." The Man of Kent took to studying the subject on the same principle—that is, by excluding from his mind everything except a few texts—and came to the same conclusion. His intimate friends were, he says, astounded at the change, because he had before held very positive views on the opposite side, which seems to be a very inadequate reason for any astonishment. The Man of Kent gives us an account of his opinions upon this and various other points with the utmost naïveté, as if he were really throwing some new light upon them by his offhand discussions; but he speaks with perfect respect of people who are unfortunate enough to differ from him. He cannot reconcile himself to the principles of the Church of England, but he does not speak harshly either of it or its members. Some people will be, of course, offended at the presumption implied in a half-educated man attempting to judge for himself; but so long as he is only narrow-minded without becoming bigoted, it seems to us to be a very healthy practice. He is in no danger of really going far enough to become otherwise than respectable, and such discussions give a healthy exercise to men's intellects in circumstances where they would otherwise be starved.

On the whole, the Man of Kent is an amusing mixture of shrewdness in many practical matters, of very shallow but very vivacious opinion on more speculative questions, and of a singular want of anything like delicacy of taste. He is extremely excitable, inclined to be declamatory, and apt to be vain of his acquirements, but at the same time good-natured and affectionate. Although such an exhibition of character is rather dearly observed at the price of studying an autobiography absolutely devoid of any other interest, it is not without its value; and might be effectively used by the next writer who desires to paint a genuine specimen of our great and enlightened middle classes.

EARLE'S PARALLEL SAXON CHRONICLES.*

(Second Notice.)

M. R. EARLE'S object in his edition is clearly as much philosophical as historical. Indeed the primary business of an editor is with the text of his author, its literary history, its grammatical and philological illustration. Nevertheless a large portion of Mr. Earle's commentary on the *Chronicles* is of a strictly historical kind, and he often discusses the strictly historical views of other writers or puts forward his own. We will therefore give some specimens of his way of dealing with some of the more important passages of the work.

Thus, for instance, at the very beginning, three of the Chroniclers translated Bæda's account of the five languages which he says were used in Britain in the worship of God—"Anglorum, videlicet, Britonum, Scottorum, Pictorum, et Latinorum." This the

* Two of the Saxon *Chronicles* Parallel, with Supplementary Extracts from the others. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and a Glossarial Index, by John Earle, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1865.

Worcester Chronicler translated "Hersynd on pam iglande fif gepeodu, Englese, Brytwylc, Scottysc, Pihtisc, and Boclæden." Now three translators, Gibson, Ingram, and Thorpe, all make *gepeodu* mean *nations*, which makes nonsense of the passage, as, of course, though Latin was largely used, and in the worship of God more than for any other purpose, there was no Latin-speaking *nation* in Britain. Mr. Earle truly points out that, while *peod* means *nation*, *gepeod* means *national language*. This at once makes sense, as we have it in Beda. Mr. Earle is, however, a little hard on the translators, as if all had gone astray, for the translation in the *Monumenta* gives it correctly *tongues*. But this is not all—

In D [Worcester] the list stands unaltered; but E [Peterborough] who did not go to the original, but copied from (such as) D, not catching the idea, tried to make five languages in the common secular sense, and therefore he resolved the Bryt Wylc of D into two, Brittisc and Wilsic. The sense which he attached to this distinction was *Welsh* and *Cornish*.

As *Welsh* means simply foreign—*βάρβαρος* opposed to *peodisc, Dutch*, the language of the people—we get various compounds, Breton-Welsh, Gal-Welsh, Rump-Welsh, and so forth, which speak for themselves. The distinction made by the Peterborough Chronicle between British and Welsh is singular. The Chronicle usually distinguishes, as in the years 828, 835, the Welsh of Wales as *Nord Wealas*, and those of Cornwall as *West Wealas*. It should be remarked again that Beda acknowledges one language only for all the Teutonic settlers in Britain, and gives it and them no common name but English. It is also worth noticing that Beda, who, writing in Northumberland, would know more about it than writers at Worcester and Peterborough, looked on Scottish and Pictish as two *languages*, as more distinct than North-Welsh from West-Welsh, or than Anglian from Saxon. On the words Boc-Leden Mr. Earle says:—

Book-Latin is the usual but inapt rendering of Boc-Leden. Book-language would be a truer equivalent. Already, before the date of D, had the word Leden attained that "Common-Noun" state, in which it equalled *language* in general, or a *strange, mysterious, learned language* in particular; and from which it was able to form its derivative Latimer—an interpreter. See Genesis xi. 6. *Dis* is an *folk* and *alle* *hig spræc* an *Lyden*—This is one *folk* and they all speak one language. The determinative *Boc-* would not have been prefixed, so long as Leden was regarded as a Proper Name. In Chaucer, Squier's Tale, it is used of the discourse of birds.

This last remark suggests another. In the spurious bull of Pope Agatho, inserted in the Peterborough Chronicle, under the year 675, we find the words, "and pis write wurdē *geredd* and *gehealdon*." On the word *geredd* Mr. Earle observes:—

For the sake of any reader who may not be familiar enough with his mother-tongue to perceive the comparative modernity of this and such like late insertions, this word is selected as a palpable illustration. Nowhere in the elder Chronicles will this verb be found in the modern sense of *avaylōðs, lēgē*. *Redan* is to *plan, counsel, advise*; e.g. p. 157, where the same participle "ge red" means *resolved upon*.

He also remarks that in this passage "ne kynning ne bispoc ne *erl*" the use of the Danish title *erl* for the English *caldorman* is another sign of late date. We find it in an early Peterborough insertion under 656, but not in contemporary records till we reach the wars of *Aethelred* and *Cnut*. In the Lay of Brunanburh "erla dryhten" is of course to be taken in the older general, not the later official, sense of the word *erl*.

On 685 Mr. Earle remarks that *Cæstre* means York:—

Many places were locally called *Cæster*; but with the progress of centralization it became necessary to keep up their distinctive prefixes, as *Winchester, Manchester, &c.* Only one great place has come to be known by the simple name of *Cæster*; with obscure places such as *Castrum, Castor, &c.*, it was more easy, and probably there are several of them in existence.

So *Burh* distinctively for Peterborough; so the places in Wales called *Caerau* or *Carew*, the word answering to our *Cæster*.

In tracing out the progress of the West-Saxons, as in the famous entry of 577, Mr. Earle follows the explanation of Dr. Guest, which makes an otherwise utterly puzzling story as clear as daylight. Besides the intense local interest of Ceawlin's southern conquest, into which Mr. Earle, as a Somersetshire clergyman, thoroughly enters, his northern conquests are of the utmost general importance. The first though temporary Saxon occupation of the afterwards Anglian frontier of Wales at once explains why the Welsh call us "Saxons" to this day. Mr. Earle traces the whole western progress of Cenwall, Ine, and the rest with special minuteness.

On the fate of Cynewulf in 755 Mr. Earle has a very instructive note, which is too long to quote in full. He mainly confines himself, however, to the light which the passage throws on Old-English domestic arrangements. But it illustrates also a more important point. Fidelity to the personal lord is looked on as a much more binding duty than loyalty to the king. This is the feeling which underlies feudalism, the system by which this notion of a personal tie is connected with the holding of land. But as yet the tie is purely personal, and does not involve (though it does not exclude) the holding of land under the lord. It has also something in common with the Highland notion of fidelity to the chief, but it differs from it in not being grounded on any idea of clanship or common origin. It is in truth the old German *comitatus* of Tacitus, the voluntary following of the chief.

On 823 Mr. Earle has an important note, philological rather than historical, on Egberht's acquisition of dominion in the south-east of England. Egberht sent his son *Aethelwulf* and certain other persons to Kent; "and hie Baldred bone cyning nord ofer Tameise adfrifon; and Cantware him to *cirdon*; and Suthrige and Suðseaxe and Eastseaxe; þy hie from his mægnum ær mid

unrihte anidde wærunt." This Florence translates, or paraphrases, "Posthac Cantuarienses, Suthregenses, Australes Saxones, Orientales Saxones, sponte se Regi dederunt Egberhto; ex cuius propinquorum manibus prius extorti, extranorum regum ditione per aliquot annorum curricula inviti sunt subacti." All other writers, Latin and English, old and new, seem to have taken it in this sense; but this of course involves the fact that Kent had been before held by a branch of the West-Saxon family. Now there is no direct evidence for this, though Henry of Huntingdon, in rendering the passage, says "Rex Egberht in dominium suscepit quos prius cognatus suis Pren injustè amiserat." Now Henry may have here preserved, as he sometimes does, a genuine bit of history or tradition, making *Eadberht Pren* a kinsman of Egberht, or it may be merely his inference from the words of the Chronicler. Mr. Earle, however, understands the passage in quite a different way:—

"They drove Baldred the king over the Thames; and the Kentish men threw off their allegiance to him, as did Surrey, Sussex, and Essex, on the ground that they had originally been unjustly subdued by his family." The two words on which this great alteration of sense turns, are "to cirdon" and "from." "From" instead of meaning *removal, separation, away from*, is here made to be *passive*, and to mean "by" of the agent. This use, though archaic and uncommon, is well enough known, and need not be questioned if we can settle the other. It is "to cirdon," which I venture to suspect may mean the very opposite of that sense which ordinarily, and not groundlessly, has been assigned to it. . . . If my version is right, all the Latin chroniclers are wrong, which on the one hand gives a check to my confidence; but on the other, it would throw a great light on the history of the Language to recover a sense which to Ethelweard and his successors was remote and obscure.

Mr. Earle's idea is certainly worth considering, though it strikes us as bold, even in him, to fly straight in the face of Florence of Worcester. The historical fact is the same either way, that Kent readily submitted to Egberht; but the old explanation gives an intelligible reason for the fact, which Mr. Earle's version does not.

On 867 Mr. Earle preserves a pleasant little bit of Low-Dutch brotherhood.

The word "late" = *serö*, is a word which the modern English possesses in common with the Low German dialects, where the Hoch Deutsch has "spät." At Hamburg, you may hear the boatmen who have been in good time for a chance, call out to those who come up afterwards, that they are "al to laat."

Mr. Earle's note on 886 is highly important, and starts questions which it would be well for the Archaeological Institute thoroughly to sift at its approaching London meeting. The upshot of it is that *Lunden-burh*, or as the Canterbury Chronicle (Cott. Domit. A. viii.) has it more emphatically *pa burh Lundene*, does not mean *Londonborough, London town*, as the ballads say, but distinctly "the Tower of London," the Conqueror's fortress, if Mr. Earle be right, occupying the site of an earlier fortress of the West-Saxon king.

In the next year, where our Chronicles so graphically and accurately describe the partition of the Carolingian Empire, Mr. Earle rather cruelly sends for details to "the voluminous *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, by the Benedictines of St. Maur." Has Mr. Earle, then, whom we looked on as Dutch to the backbone, gone over to the enemy? It looks ominous when he talks of "Charles le Gros."

In 918 we get an interesting bit of philology, though Mr. Thorpe has already made the same remark in a shorter form:—

This word is quite a curiosity, to appear here in an English text of the tenth century. It is one of the few Celtic words which continued to hold a place in the language of the Anglo-Saxons. At their first occupation of the country they adopted many words from the older inhabitants. But these borrowings were local, and rarely came to the surface of general literature. This word lay for centuries in obscurity, till it came to light in the modern *park*. It still exists in spoken British. In French-Brittany it is the most common word for a small close or paddock near home. Also, in Devonshire, small fields near the farm-house are often named, Little-Park, Great-Park, Higher-Park, &c. See Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, v. *Park*. The modern and grandiose use of the word *park* is apt to mislead us, unless we observe the fundamental idea of a (little) inclosure of ground from the open country. The *inclosure* is the point in the text; the enemy once in it were as in a trap.

The entry of 1008 is well known as carrying back something very like ship-money to the reign of *Aethelred*. Mr. Earle supplies a very curious illustration:—

We learn the curious fact, that it was incumbent on each of the landed subdivisions to provide the king with a ship and its armour. The government did not levy ship-money, but required each county to find its quota of ships. This would apply as well to the inland districts, as to those on the sea-board. And here we find the explanation of an otherwise inexplicable bequest of good Abp. *Ælfric*, who died two years before this date. He gave one ship to the folk of Kent, and one to Wiltshire. The will is in Cod. Dipl. 716. Doubtless, in each of the cases, the bequest was intended as an alleviation of the heavy imposts under which the people groaned. His gift being to the shire, is an argument that the assessment was by shires.

On the martyrdom of *Ælfheah* (1011, 12) Mr. Earle might well have referred to the curious narrative preserved by Thietmar of Merseburg, a contemporary German writer, who professes to have got his information from a friend who had come over from England. Thietmar perhaps damages his own credit a little by calling *Ælfheah Dunstan*, but his story explains one or two things which are otherwise not clear; for instance, he makes the Archbishop promise the Danes money in the first instance, and afterwards tell them that he could not fulfil his promise. This would explain both the long time during which they held him captive, and the exceeding bitterness with which they attack him at last. Thietmar also preserves the highly probable fact that *Jarl Thorkel* did

what he could to preserve the life of the Archbishop, which quite falls in with his later conduct.

On 1016 Mr. Earle goes into a detailed examination of the supposed single combat, or intended single combat, between Cnut and Edmund Ironside. He decides against the historical character of the combat, holding that the tale arose from a mistaken understanding of the expression of the Chronicles that Cnut and Edmund *came together* (*comon togædere*), that is, for a conference which ended in a treaty. Henry of Huntingdon and others mistook the meaning of the words, and fancied that they *came together* for a fight, and, of course, the story grew as it went on. But there is something grotesque in finding Mr. Earle gravely quoting "the Rev. S. Lysons of Hempsted Court, the Archaeologist of Gloucestershire." But this refers to something which Mr. Lysons wrote in 1861. The ex-Professor of Anglo-Saxon probably did not foresee that we were all to be turned into Jews by 1865.

Under 1048 certain *Welshmen* (*Welisce menn*), that is, *Frenchmen*, are spoken of, whom William of Malmesbury amusingly mistakes for genuine *Cymry*. On this Mr. Earle comments as follows:—

This means simply "the foreigners;" as also below, *þa walisce men*; in both cases indicating the Normans or Frenchmen. See note, p. 65, and on 1040. In Devonshire the walnut is called "French nut," in Somersetshire it is "Welsh nut," but the signification is the same in the two cases, both alike mean foreign nut. At the time when the English name of the *juglans* was fixed in Somersetshire, the current word for foreign was *Welsh*—when, at a later date, it was fixed in Devonshire, the common adjective for foreign was *French*, which it may almost be said to be still.

One almost wonders that Mr. Earle has not been tempted to enter more at length on this most exciting portion of the Chronicles, where the living passions and political diversities of the different writers come out more strongly than anywhere else. But we must not forget that Mr. Earle is editing Chronicles and not writing a history, and things look differently according as they are viewed with regard to these two different objects. Where he has in other places thrown fresh light upon history, it has been by putting some new meaning upon the text of his author. We are not aware that this history of the banishment and return of Godwine, though of such surpassing historical interest, presents anything specially attractive to the philologer.

The famous passage under the year 1075 is ever memorable for Dr. Ingram's translation of "sume getawod to scande" by "some were towed to Scandinavia." It is worth while to stop a few moments to realize the process of towing a man to Scandinavia, and his probable condition when he reaches the Northern coast. *Scande* of course is the same word as the High-Dutch *Schande*, and Mr. Earle points out that it lived on in English as late as Spenser under the form *shend*. Mr. Earle also quotes *scandice gretan* from the Kentish Laws, meaning "to insult a person with opprobrious epithets; or," he adds, "as they would be called in Devon, scandalous." Of course Mr. Earle does not mean that *scandice* and *scandalous* have any real philological connexion; but he may seem to hint that a native and foreign word of much the same sound have got confounded, as often happens. But against this there is the probability that, in the Saxon part of England, *scande* would have come to be pronounced *shande*—like Spenser's *shend* and all words of the class—ages before such a word as *scandalous* was heard of.

We will end our extracts with Mr. Earle's comparison of ancient and modern hunting, arising out of a description under the year 1127 which seems to be a form of the legend of the Wild Huntsman:—

The nature of the hunt here imagined is totally different from that of our day. Nowadays men hunt for exercise and sport, but then they hunted for food, or for the luxury of fresh meat. Now the flight of the beast is the condition of a good hunt, but in those days it entailed disappointment. They had neither the means of giving chase nor of killing at a distance, so they used stratagems to bring the game within the reach of their missiles. A labyrinth of alleys was penned out at a convenient part of the wood, and here the archers lay under covert. The hunt began by sending men round to brush and beat the wood, and drive the game with dogs and horns into the ambuscade. This pen is the *haia* so frequently occurring among the *silva* in Domesday. The "der fald" of our text seems to be the same. Horns were used, not as with us, to call the dogs; or, as in France, to signal the stray sportsman; but to scare the game. The text has twenty or thirty hornblowers. In fact it was the *battue*, which is now, under altered circumstances, disconcerted by the authorities of the chase, but which in early times was the only way for man to cope with the beasts of the field.

This most valuable contribution of Mr. Earle's to our early history and literature suggests one more reflection. The work, like the vast majority of works of real thought and learning, proceeds from a member, and a distinguished member, of one of our ancient Universities. Mr. Earle's book is printed at the Clarendon Press; his title-page shows him to have been nearly everything that an Oxford man can be; he is late Fellow, late Tutor, late Professor. But it is not as Fellow, Tutor, or Professor that he has edited the Chronicles. His great work comes forth, not from an Oxford College, but from a secluded parsonage among the hills which skirt the ancient frontier of the Hwiccas and the Sumorsetas. So it seems to be always; the production of a great work of learning seems to be consistent with every form of town life and of country life, with every rank and every profession, except that of a University resident. Oxford has no cause to complain of those whom she has sent forth to every other kind of sphere, but the local Oxford is silent, or speaks only by a single voice. Resident Cambridge is much more lively; but the greatest works even of Cambridge men have not been written at Cambridge. It was not

so always. It was to a Bachelor of Queen's College that our first really valuable edition of the Chronicles was owing. It is worth the while of academical reformers to think whether it is an unmixed good to attend so exclusively to mere academical education as almost wholly to destroy the character of the Universities as, in the old phrase, "seats of learning."

HIDDEN DEPTHS.*

A NOVEL with a purpose is almost always more or less a failure. Starting with the intention of being both amusing and instructive, it too commonly ends by being neither the one nor the other. In the first place, the plan of such a book involves a sacrifice of literary power, inasmuch as the author is constrained to shape every incident to enforce one special moral. Secondly, even if he appears to prove his case, we know that his premises are fictitious, and consequently are but little affected by the conclusions which he draws from them. Such books proceed, in effect, upon the supposition that the reader will be induced to adopt or refrain from a given course of conduct by perceiving the good or evil effects of such a course of conduct upon the characters of the book. In practice, however, this desirable effect is rarely produced. What is called poetical justice is appropriate enough in books written for children, or for readers who are intellectually children, and accessible only to such simple teaching. But the reader of ordinary cultivation and experience, who knows full well that good people do not always marry and live happily ever afterwards, and that bad people are not invariably hanged or transported, will hardly be converted from the error of his ways by the imaginary joys or sorrows of a group of fictitious personages.

We would, however, by no means assert that works of fiction of the class we have mentioned can in no case be productive of any good effect. If ably written, they may at least have the merit of being suggestive. A thoughtful reader may possibly be induced to reflect whether the hypothetical circumstances of the book are likely to have any parallel in actual life, and may work out useful results from his reflections. A book like Mr. Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, for instance, though it may fail to convert the reader to the author's views, will at least set him thinking, and this (so long as the current of thought be not absolutely misdirected) may be of itself a gain. We can well believe that *Hidden Depths* may excite a good deal of thought, and that upon a class of subjects which most people prefer not to think about at all. The few lines of preface prepare us for something of an exceptional kind. The author tells us:—

This book is not a work of fiction, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. If it were, it would be worse than useless; for the hidden depths of which it reveals a glimpse are no fit subjects for a romance; nor ought they to be opened up to the light of day for purposes of mere amusement. But truth must always have a certain power, in whatever shape it may appear; and though all did not occur precisely as here narrated, it is nevertheless actual truth which speaks in these records.

The last sentence we take to mean, in plainer English, that the story is "founded on fact"; and we fully agree with the author that the topics of which it treats are by no means fit subjects for a mere novel. The "hidden depths" which an attempt is here made to explore are the dark regions of seduction and prostitution. Almost every line of the book has reference, directly or indirectly, to what is called, especially, the social evil. We hasten to acquit the writer of any desire to use this repulsive topic to gratify prurient curiosity, or to appeal to the morbid appetite for what is called "sensational" literature. The book is evidently written in a sincere hope and belief that it will exercise a salutary influence on public opinion. Considering the nature of the topics treated of, it may excite some surprise when we say that there is strong internal evidence that the writer is a woman. Independently of various little peculiarities of thought and style that lead to this belief, the author displays as to some particulars of her subject an utter ignorance which no man, however pure his heart and life, could be supposed to exhibit. We have no intention of going too closely into details; but we may instance the extraordinary description of Mrs. Dorell's establishment (at p. 20 of the second volume) as an example of what we mean. The writer has apparently got together some few stray facts with reference to her subject, and has evolved the rest of her materials out of her internal consciousness.

Though the author so carefully disclaims the intention of writing a mere romance, we are inclined to rate her book much more highly as a work of fiction than as an instrument of social reform. Assuming the truthfulness of her facts and the reality of her characters, we should be disposed to place *Hidden Depths* in a very much higher rank than the majority of novels by lady-writers. The language is throughout pure and well-chosen, with that preponderance of Saxon words which is a characteristic of the best English writing. The characters act as such characters might reasonably be expected to do; and the climax of the tragedy, though not wholly unexpected, is cleverly imagined and artistically worked out. There is, moreover, a vein of earnestness in the book from which it derives a character of life-likeness, even where it is least true to life. But when we come to examine the foundations on which the edifice is based, we find them to be utterly unsound. The author assumes, in the first place, that the generosity of men are deliberate seducers; and, in the second, that

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the whole of the unfortunates who throng our streets are victims of seduction. Now, there is a good deal of selfishness and a good deal of vice in the world, no doubt; but we will venture to assert that deliberate and heartless seduction, which is in the book before us described as the normal occupation of young men, is far rather the exception than the rule. At the Universities—which are here depicted as hotbeds of depravity—the crime of seduction is, even amongst the least moral, accounted mean and cowardly, and a man who should boast of his achievements in that particular would speedily find himself cut by the majority of his acquaintance. It is singular how comfortably some very good people can settle down into the belief that everybody else is a cold-blooded fiend. But the truth is, that the author was obliged to adopt this flattering theory of the tremendous and universal depravity of the male sex, in order to support her second proposition—namely, that seduction is the agency which recruits the streets. That it is one of the agencies, we do not doubt; but that it is the sole or even the chief agency, we entirely deny. Those who are most actively engaged in the reclaiming of "unfortunates" tell us that this is always their first story—that each and all endeavour to throw a veil of sentiment over their fall, and to excuse themselves by charging their sin upon the head of a seducer. To a lady questioner, in particular, this story is sure to be told, but an adroit cross-examination speedily elicits the falsehood of the statement. Many of these wretched beings have grown up from their infancy under conditions which could only tend to this one miserable end. Nurtured in haunts of vice and crime, in foul fetid slums reeking with physical and moral filth, where the name and the idea of chastity are alike unknown, they take to "the streets" as the easiest and most natural means of earning their daily bread. Add to these the numbers who are led astray by the temptations of drink or dress, or who sin of malice pre-
pense to obtain the wherewithal to indulge the love of gaiety; the many whose principles are sapped by evil companions, or the evil influence of the music-hall and dancing-saloon; and out of the very large number thus accounted for, not one can fairly be said to have been seduced through her affections. That there are some who are so, it would be idle to deny; the noisy streets and the silent river tell tales enough of the bitter fruits of this particular sin, the cruellest and most cowardly of all. But the author of *Hidden Depths* ascribes the fall of all alike to this one individual cause. Some half-dozen cases are mentioned in her book, in each of which the victim is supposed to have fallen in this particular way, and to have been driven to the streets by the heartless desertion of her seducer. In no one instance is the woman described as guilty of any fault, save that of loving, "not wisely, but too well." All women are represented as doves, all men as vultures. Arguing from these premisses, the author makes a passionate protest throughout the book against the injustice of society, which punishes so unequally in the two sexes sins against chastity. The man—who is, according to the hypothesis, the only real offender—escapes almost without rebuke; while the woman, "more sinned against than sinning," is allowed no *locus penitentiae*, but, once fallen, is down for ever. The sharpest sting of the grievance lies in the supposed greater guilt of the man, which we have ventured in some degree to question; but, apart from this consideration, there is no doubt but that sins of this class are very unequally visited by public opinion. It is rather difficult, at first sight, to give any valid reason why this should be so. To say that our ideal of woman involves a higher degree of truth and purity than our ideal of man does, is really no answer at all; and the argument that such a distinction is necessary in the interests of morality is equally inconclusive. The true reply appears to be, that the wrong and the remedy are alike in the hands of women themselves. "Frailty! thy name is woman," yet none so harsh as woman to a fallen sister. Women smile upon the acknowledged rake, yet gather up their skirts as they pass by his victim, and shrink from the contamination of her touch. If a reform be needed in this particular, it is a reform that women alone can institute. But we have little expectation of it. The gentle rebuke—that the sinless only should cast the stone—has received a new interpretation. Ladies nowadays appear to believe that the more stones they cast, the whiter will be their own reputation.

We give the author full credit for thorough sincerity, and should be glad to believe that her book would effect some good result. Her heart is evidently in her work, and the world is so much in need of earnestness that it is a pity that the energy of any thoughtful mind should be wasted. But the evil whose hidden depths she has attempted, though feebly, to explore is, we fear, too vast and too deeply rooted to be written down or preached down. So long as human nature continues to be sinful, this particular sin is sure to flourish. Missionaries and midnight meetings may lop off some few branches, but the roots will still remain.

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS, AND THE BACCHANALS OF EURIPIDES.*

THE Dean of St. Paul's was Poetry Professor at Oxford in 1821, and, when professorial lectures were still delivered in Latin, appears to have found it an advantage to his hearers to

* *The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, and the Bacchanales of Euripides, with Passages from the Lyric and later Poets of Greece. Translated by Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1865.*

intersperse, amidst his Latin remarks on the history of Greek poetry, translated specimens of Greek poets. To this practice we owe the nucleus of a volume now first published in the Dean's later years, under the stimulus, it would seem, of a desire to add his quota to the collection of classical translations which have of late found so much favour. Of the *Agamemnon* and the *Bacchanals* portions had been translated by him in his Oxford days, but the remainder has been filled in recently. Completed, they form the *pièces de résistance* of the book before us, and, as is meet in the case of masterpieces of their respective authors, they claim chief attention, although the variety and exquisiteness of the remains of lyric and later Greek poetry cannot fail to attract many to the latter half of the volume. In no other Greek plays is there such sustained interest, such variety of effect, so fine a scope for delineation of character as in the *Agamemnon* and the *Bacchanals*. And in choosing them the translator takes one important step to ensure the sympathy of his readers.

But Dean Milman's translations have other and stronger attractions. He does not forget that it is the business of such as undertake to render the Greek dramatists into English to present such versions of the choral odes and more involved iambic passages as shall elucidate, instead of doubly-darkening, the author's meaning. The *Agamemnon*, notably, has passages that must be read again and again, with no little strain of thought, before sense and coherence can be evolved. In the present instance the *Agamemnon* has been studied as a whole, and the coherence of its parts has been nowise neglected. And the result is that it is neither heavy nor obscure. The English reader will see his way without let or hindrance. The scholar, if here and there he may lack the newest solution of a passage that has bothered Blomfield and been a "crux" to Klausen, will never be outraged by a violent aberration from the principles of scholarship, and in nine cases out of ten will find a probable text effectively and gracefully represented. Thus, in the first chorus passages occur that need a clear head and a graceful touch to unravel. And neither are lacking, as will be seen by any who choose to turn to the somewhat entangled Greek lines (*Agam.* 72-82, *ἰμαὶ ἦ δίτα—δλαίνι*), and compare them with Dean Milman's version in page 8. A little further on, in the same chorus, the verses beginning "Power is upon me now to sing the awful sign" have the true ring of an ode of Gray, and appear to us both faithful and forcible. Now and then passages occur which indicate a predilection for the old readings on the part of the Dean, or, it may be, an unconsciousness of the newer and more approved. But it must be remembered that his aim is rather to consult poetic grace than to satisfy severe scholarship. This must be borne in mind when we are at issue with him in minor matters of interpretation, e.g. where Cassandra's words, prophetic of the slaughter of Agamemnon in the Bath (1079-80),

προτείνεις δὲ χειρὶς
χειρὶς ὄργηματα,

are translated by him

I see them stand

Hand clasped in hand;

whereas they can only mean that "hand after hand clutches at the destined victim." In *Agam.* 610, *ἡ χειρὶς, κοινὸν ἀχθεῖς*, *ὑρπατεῖς στρατοῦ* cannot mean, as the Dean renders it,

Or did one tempest scatter all the fleet;

but, as Miss Swanwick translates,

Or hath a storm,

A common terror, snatch'd him from the army.

And in the *Bacchae*, vv. 1076-7, unwanted obscurity is imported into the translation through neglect of the true force of *ὅσιον*—"all but." Instead of Englishing

ὅσιον γάρ οὐ πως δῆλος δην θάστων ἀνω,
καὶ τὸν ξενὸν μην οὐκεῖς' εἰσοραν παρῆν

More visible he could not be, seated aloft,

The stranger from our view had vanished quite;

the Dean should have expressed in verse what we express prosaically thus, "He (Pentheus) was all but visible (to the Maenads) as he sat aloft, when now we could no longer see the stranger." Such passages as *Hecuba*, 143, sufficiently illustrate the use of *ὅσιον*.

But these minor slips, where they occur, are counterbalanced, it is but just to add, by refinement of taste, and by nice perception of the mind of the Greek author. The somewhat puerile practice of punning on names is not too slavishly followed. Rendering (*Agam.* 671, &c.) *ἱλαράς, ἔλανθρος, θέρτοντος*,

Her Helen called, the fated to destroy

Ships and men, and mighty Troy;

Dr. Milman avoids the absurd attempt to keep up the punning spirit of the original by ringing, as Sewell does, the changes on the word "Hell." In the *Bacchae* (367)

Πενθεῖς ὅσιος μη πινθος πισσοις οὔροις
τοῖς σοσσι,

he renders the pun with as much force as Dr. Donaldson—who would have translated it,

Take heed lest Pentheus make your mansion a pent-house of grief—and certainly with more grace, thus:—

What woe, O Cadmus, will this woe-named man
Bring to our house.—P. 118.

In like manner, an intuition which bespeaks the post leads him to appreciate the covert irony which is so fine a feature of Greek

tragedy, and so strikingly exemplified in the two-edged speeches of Clytemnestra. In the translation of the passage where she invites her lord to alight from his chariot, and adds—

Why tarry ye, my damsels? 'tis your office
To strew the path with gorgeous carpetings;
Like purple pavement rich be all his way;
That justice to his house may lead him in—
The house he little dreamed of (p. 46);

the phrase *ἴε δῶμ' ἀλττρον* is so turned as to preserve the ambiguity between an unhoped-for home and an unnatural reception. And we could point out other examples of happy perception of this latent irony in other passages of the *Agamemnon*, as well as in the *Bacchae*.

This latter tragedy we rate as the happier of the Dean's longer translations. Euripides, as we agree with his translator in thinking, merits far less contempt than some critics have been wont to shower upon him. His choral odes are unsurpassed in beauty; his narrative passages, as is nowhere more plainly shown than in the *Bacchanals*, are especially fine. We can hardly do justice to the original or the translation more compendiously than by quoting an extract from a brilliant descriptive passage (*Bacch.* 692-711), where the Maenads are startled from their slumber by the shout of Agave:—

They from their lids shaking the freshening sleep
Rose upright, wonderous in their decent guise,
The young, the old, the maiden yet unwed.
And first they loosed their locks over their shoulders,
Their fawn skins fasten'd, whereso'er the clasps
Had lost their hold, and all the dappled furs
With serpents bound, that lolled out their lithe tongues.
Some in their arms held kid, or wild wolf's cub,
Suckling it with their white milk: all the young mothers
Who had left their new-born babes and stood with breasts
Full-swelling; and they all put off their crowns
Of ivy, oak, or flowers of eglantine.
One took a thyrsus wand, and struck the rock,
Leaped forth at once a dewy mist of water;
And one her rod plunged deep in the earth, and there
The God sent up a fountain of bright water.
And all that longed for the white blameless draught,
Light scraping with their finger ends the soil
Had streams of exquisite milk; the ivy wands
Distilled from all their tops rich store of honey.—Pp. 138-9.

To this graceful description must be added a lyrical passage which savours rather of the sweet and melodious than of the fiery and irregular character, and which is, therefore, perhaps more congenial to the Dean's muse. It is the simile of a fawn escaped from the hunter's toils, in the first strophe of the fourth chorus (vv. 862-876, *ἀπ' ιν παννυχιον—Ιερον θλαστον*):—

O when, through the long night,
With fleet foot glancing white
Shall I go dancing in my revelry,
My neck cast back and bare
Unto the dewy air,
Like sportive fawn in the green meadow's glee?
Lo! in her fear she springs
Over th' encircling rings,
Over the well wov'n nets far off and fast;
While swift along her track
The huntsman cheers his pack,
With panting toil and fiery storm-wind haste.
Where down the river-bank spreads the wide meadow,
Rejoices she in the untrod solitude,
Couches at length beneath the silent shadow
Of the old hospitable wood.—Pp. 148-9.

Spirit, sense, and expression are alike translated here. The rendering of one phrase, *ώκενόμον τ' αἴλλαντι*, will illustrate this.

Before leaving the dramatists to take a glance at the remaining contents of the book, we may call attention to perhaps the happiest translation in the whole—that of a chorus from the *Supplices* of Aeschylus. Dean Milman reverts with pardonable pride to the partiality expressed for this version by Peter Elmsley, whose high opinion we may content ourselves with simply endorsing. Three lines of the Greek original with the English annexed, descriptive of the ending of Io's wanderings through Jove's interposition, will perhaps be surety for the honesty of our estimate:—

βίας ἀπημάντηρ θέντιν

καὶ θιας ἵππωνιας

Παντελεί, ἔπειρων ὁ ἀποστάτης πίνθινον αἰών.—*Suppl.* 570-2.

Beneath th' unhearing power she lay,
And heaven-breath'd quiet lull'd her frame;
And in soft tears distilled away
Her sorrow and her shame.—P. 205.

Among the other dramatic specimens are two from Philemon, which we notice to correct a mistake of the Dean's in supposing that his second extract is one on which Cumberland did not try his hand. That writer's rendering of the passage defining an honest man may be found in Bailey's *Fragments*, and we make this correction with less compunction because comparison of the two will show Dr. Milman's superior faithfulness.

And now we turn to the latter half of the volume before us—a medley of specimens from Greek poetry, ranging from grave to gay, from comic to heroic, from pastoral to philosophical, from the days of Solon and Theognis to the later revivalists of the Trojan legends and their contemporary Nonnus. One cannot but admire the versatility which makes the translator at home and at ease in fields differing from each other *toto caelo*, so to speak. The *Danae* of Simonides is rendered by him with requisite pathos; the passages from Theognis with a mingled sportiveness and serious

tone which recall the original, and prove that in this field he has equal rights with Hookham Frere. There may not be in the Dean's version of the famous skolion beginning *ἰν μίνοντον* the fire which kindles the reader in that of the late Lord Denman, but some of the lighter popular songs are translated with a sprightliness and ease not unworthy of Moore. The following, of which it is but fair to give the Greek, may be quoted as an instance:—

σὺν μοι πίνε, συνίδα, συνίρα, συνστεφανηφόρι,
σύν μοι μανούμενον μανεῖον, σύν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.—Schneid. 460.

Drink the glad wine with me,
With me spend youth's gay hours;
Or a sighing lover be,
Or crown thy bry with flowers.
When I am merry and mad,
Merry and mad be you;
When I am sober and sad,
Be sad and sober too.—P. 231.

As an appropriate pendant to this extract may be added a few lines from the lively comic song by Teleclides, a playwright of the time of Pericles, which is preserved to us in *Athenaeus* (vi. 95). It concerns the life of men in the golden age, and the translation does not exaggerate the original:—

Every ditch with wine is flowing,
Loaves and cakes around us fight,
Each our dainty palate wooing,
Boasting each its purer white.
To our kitchens troop the fish,
Haste themselves to boil and fry,
Lay them down upon the dish,
And to the smoking table hic.
Flows of broth a savoury tide,
Round our couches bubbling still;
And little rills of sauces glide,
In smooth meanders, where we will.—P. 235.

So much for the comic view of the golden age. Our translator's ubiquitous Muse presents us also with some graver verses on the same theme, from the remains of the philosophical poet, Empedocles. We have compared the translations from this poet with the Greek in Mullach's *Fragmenta Philosoph. Grec.*, and find the minute word-painting of the original carefully represented in the English. We regret that we have not space for extracts to prove this. In passing on to translations from the Alexandrian poets, and the later versifiers of the post-Homeric legends, who wrote in hexameters, a fresh interest is stirred in observing how poetry of this metre is dealt with by so veteran a hand as the Dean's. For all save his specimens of the exuberant Nonnus, whom it would be extremely hard to confine within couplets, and who is therefore done into blank verse, Dr. Milman avails himself of the heroic measure. The search after passages of the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus has been a pursuit under difficulties, because we have not Falkenburgh's, but Græfe's, edition; but, judging by the selections we have been able to verify, we could wish the space given to Nonnus had been devoted to more liberal extracts from Apollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Moschus, and Callimachus. Some would no doubt insist on translating the first of these in the "pestilent-heresy" metre. But let them examine Milman's heroica, and they will, it may be, discover that this metre may be used for turning the Greek epic without overstepping the boundary between laxness and literality. Here are a few graceful lines descriptive of the "sailing of the Argo" (p. 250):—

So they to Orpheus' lyre accordant dashed
Their musical oars; the sparkling billows flashed,
And the dark brine was flecked with foaming light;
While roar'd the deep beneath the rowers' might;
The armour blazed against the golden sun,
The waters whitened in the vessel's run,
Like some broad pathway on a grassy plain,
Where bounds the bark along the yielding main.

Argonaut, i. 533, &c.

The extracts from Theocritus and Moschus are also successfully handled. In the version of part of the seventh idyll of the former, we seem to lounge with the cheery cits in the country-garden of Phrasidemus, where

All things breathe of Summer's fertile hours,
And all things breathe of Autumn's fruitage bowers.—P. 258.

And, reading the half-dozen lines from the eleventh, we marvel how Galatea could have been deaf to Polyphemus. The pathetic lines of Moschus (*αἱ, οἱ ται μαλάχηι, κ. τ. λ.*) lose nothing in translation, and that is saying a great deal.

One of the most attractive poems which have supplied extracts for the later pages of Dean Milman's volume is the "Halieutica" of Oppian. The pretty tale of the "Dolphin and the Boy" (Opp. Hal. vv. 458-528) is, we are glad to find, not overlooked. It forms, in translation, a charming natural-history episode, which English readers, young and old, will appreciate. Among the poets that remain, Quintus Calaber and Museus are the most noteworthy, and of these, we suspect, not many plums are left after the Dean's rifling. Diverse estimates may possibly be formed of this medley of translations which an octogenarian scholar has collected from desk and drawer, and so strung together as to afford himself "a pleasure of memory," and to give classical students an opportunity of noticing how much so distinguished an original writer in prose and verse has owed to early study of the beauties of ancient poetry. Doubtless it is not such a literary feat as the translation of the Iliad or of Aeschylus, executed in later life, and amidst the distractions of public business, would deserve to be considered. Doubt-

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